

2670
Irish TALES:

O R,
Instructive HISTORIES for the
happy Conduct of LIFE.

Containing the following Events.

V I Z.

- I. The Captivated MONARCH.
- II. The Banish'd PRINCE.
- III. The Power of BEAUTY.
- IV. The Distrest LOVERS.
- V. The Perfidious GALLANT.
- VI. The Constant FAIR-ONE.
- VII. The Generous RIVAL.
- VIII The Inhuman FATHER.
- IX. The Depos'd USURPER.
- X. The Punishment of UNGENE-
ROUS LOVE.

By Mrs. SARAH BUTLER.

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Curll

THE TALENTED

1607/4314

Containing the following Events

- I. The Captivity of the Princess
- II. The Power of Beauty
- III. The Difficult Lover
- IV. The Religious Gallant
- V. The Coquette's Return
- VI. The Governor's Visit
- VII. The Ingenious Lawyer
- VIII. The Dejected Lover
- IX. The Punishment of Jealousy
- X. The Love

By Mrs. SPANISH

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THE
Epistle DEDICATORY,
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Earl of *Lincoln*.

My LORD,



HE Fair Authress of
the following Sheets
being Dead, and the
Publication of them
falling into my Hands,
I could not think of any PATRON,
under whose Protection, they
might

might with that Advantage I de-
sir'd, venture into the Publick, so
properly as your Lordship's. For,
where better could HEROIC
LOVE, and all the PATRIOT
VIRTUES find a surer and more
auspicious Refuge, than under
that *Nobleman's* Protection, whose
distinguish'd Honour, and good
Sense has render'd him so emi-
nently capable of the *former*; and
whose *steadfast Zeal* for his Coun-
try's Service in the most dubious,
and difficult of Times has been
so conspicuous to all that know
any thing of our publick Affairs,
as that of your Lordship. Yes, my
Lord, that Heroic Firmness and Re-
solution you discover'd then in your
Conduct, has made you the pecu-
liar Darling of all true BRITONS,
of all Lovers of the best of Kings,
and Constitutions. *Resolution,*
and *Uncorruptible Faith* are not
the

The Dedication.

the common Growth of this Age, which makes every Consideration yield to the poor and mean Prospects of immediate and Personal Advantages, either in Wealth, or in Power and Dignities; and few, very few have been found, whom neither the Malice and ungenerous Persecution of Potent and disappointed Enemies could break, nor all the gilded Baits of Power, Riches, Flattery, Pleasure, and the other cunning Arts of insinuating into the Minds of the young and uncautious (in which vile Arts, those were no small Proficients, who had then the Publick Management of Affairs) could corrupt; or give the least shock to; on whose Wiles, tho' many were deceived by them, your Lordship, supported by a perfect Integrity, and just Understanding, look'd down and despis'd.

IT is such a Publick Spirit, such an Understanding, that qualifies a Nobleman to be worthy of the Addresses of the MUSES. For whoever loves his Country, must be pleas'd to see ARTS Flourish, which add to its Glory and its Felicity; since that Country can only be esteem'd truly Happy and Great, where ARTS as well as Arms find publick Encouragement. And of all ARTS, POETRY is perhaps the chief, which deserves the peculiar Care of the *Great* and the *Polite*.

IF we may decide this by what we find in History, it is plain, that where-ever Heroic Fortitude, and Martial Glory have found a distinguishing Success, there POETRY has met with the greatest Indulgence.

ATHENS, which polish'd
Mankind by her *POETS*, was
able by her single Valour, un-
der the Conduct of *MILTIADES*,
with Ten Thousand Men, to de-
feat some Hundreds of Thousands
of *Persians*. *ROME* in her great-
est Glory, and most establish'd
Fortune, became a Rival of
GREECE in that *Noble Art*,
while *VIRGIL*, *HORACE*, *VAR-
IUS*, *TUCCA* and many more,
found themselves the peculiar Fa-
vourites of the ablest Statesman,
and most illustrious Emperor that
Nation ever knew.

IT would be no difficult Mat-
ter, my Lord, to carry on the
Proof of this in a less eminent
degree through the several King-
doms that arose out of the Ruins
of the *Roman Empire*, even from
Italy,

Italy, to Hungary; but that would be a Work of too large an Extent for the narrow Compass of an Epistle. By hinting this here, I only aim at stirring up, if possible, a generous Ambition in our Great Men, of distinguishing themselves in a manner so worthy of Power and Dignity.

I have known a Nobleman, who (I know not by what means) got a popularity for his Generosity, who yet could only justly pretend to an injudicious Profusion; for he has given a Piper Three Hundred Guineas, when a MAN OF LEARNING found but a very mean Gratuity for a most valuable Performance. But several have, indeed, been bountiful to Fiddlers, and the *thrilling Throng*, while we have found very few SIDNEYS
and

and SACKVILES, since we have pretended to Politeness; and yet the many Excellent Products of Poetry, with little or no Encouragement, are a Proof that it is the natural Growth of the Clime, and with a tolerable Cultivation, might arrive at the greatest Perfection.

THE following Sheets, my Lord, are of this Kind; that is, they are allow'd by the Learned to be a useful sort of POETRY, tho' without the advantageous Harmony of Verse. For as all POETRY is an IMITATION, as ARISTOTLE justly observes, it is plain that all *Fables* are IMITATIONS of *Actions*, which is the essence of both the DRAMATIC and EPIC POESIE.

BUT this *Prosaic Poetry* is of as ancient a Date as the *Milesian*

sian Tales, which so charm'd Antiquity it self. The Moderns since the Time of HELIODORUS, have often vary'd their Form; some Years ago they swell'd them into large Volumes, but of late the general Taste runs for such as are compriz'd in a much narrower Compass; from whence we derive so many Books of TALES, which have not yet fail'd of Success. These that follow, in my Opinion, fall not in the least short of the most excellent that have yet appear'd; there being a Pathetic Tenderness, that runs quite through them, supported by a Noble and Heroic Fortitude.

THE Preface will shew your Lordship that their Foundation is laid on true History, and the Lady has so artfully Grafted the Fiction upon it, that the whole bears

bears the pleasing Appearance of
Truth and Reality.

If they contribute to the Diversion of any Hour of your Lordship's more elegant Leisure, I have my Aim. My Ambition to give this publick Testimony of my Esteem and Value for your Lordship's singular Virtues, would not suffer me to lose the first Opportunity of doing it, unable to delay my Zeal 'till I had something more solid to offer; though perhaps, in Justice, it is not the most unmeritorious Endeavour to contribute to our Diversion; and I hope it will be thus favourably receiv'd by your Lordship from,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble

and most Obedient Servant,

CHARLES GILDON.

The

leaves the pleasure of Appearance at
Trafalgar and Rother.

If I have contributed to the Dis-
covery of any Man or Woman
I should be much obliged to you
I have in mind the Addition
to give the publick testimony of
my Honor and Value for your
kindness in this matter. I shall
as soon as I can tell the full story
possibility of doing it, unable to
delay my self till I had some-
thing more solid to offer; though
perhaps in Justice it is not the most
unimpeachable. I have been to con-
tribute to our Diversion; and I
hope it will be thus favorable to
you by your Lordship from

Yours &c

Your Lordship's most Humble

and most Obedient Servant

CHARLES GORDON





THE
P R E F A C E.



HERE present the Reader with some few of those many Transactions which made up the Lives of two of the most Potent Monarchs of the Milesian Race, in that Ancient Kingdom of Ireland: And although I have cloath'd it with the Dress and Title of a Novel; yet (so far I dare speak in my own behalf, that) I have err'd as little from the Truth of the History, as any per-
a *haps*

leaves the pleasure of Appointments on
Fishes and Reptiles.

If I have contributed to the Dis-
covery of any kind of new
Fossils more elegant looking
I have no doubt. My Ambition
to give the public testimony of
my Success and Value for your
Fossils has been a great one
and I have not been able to
possess myself of doing it, capable to
delay my self till I had some-
thing more solid to offer. I thought
perhaps in Justice it is not the most
immediate. I have now to con-
tribute to our Diversion; and I
hope it will be thus favourably re-
ceived by your Lordship from

Yours &c

Your Lordship's most humble

and most Obedient Servant

Charles de Cisternay





THE
P R E F A C E.



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a *haps*

P R E F A C E.

haps who have undertaken any thing of this Nature.

What I have added, is only the Love and Amorous Discourses of Murchoe and Dooneflaith; whose Name I have presum'd upon, since in the Chronicles and Writings of all those, which I have read, who have Treated on that Subject, make no mention of the Name of Maolseachelvin's Daughter; tho' none of them hardly but take notice of the Story. And finding in Dr. Ketrius's Manuscript that of Dooneflaith to be in use at that time, and (if I mistake not) to be the Name of her Mother, I therefore was the more willing to imagin I should not err so much from Truth, as if I had given her a feign'd one, to give that to her Daughter.

Some (upon what Grounds I know not) would needs have their manner and way of making Love, which

P R E F A C E.

*which I have brought as near as I could to our modern Phrase, to be too Passionate and Elegant for the Irish, and contrary to the Humours, they alledge, of so Rude and Illiterate a People; when all the while they do not consider, that altho' they may seem so now, in the Circumstances they lie under, (having born the heavy Yoke of Bondage for so many Years, and have been Cow'd down in their Spirits) yet that once Ireland was esteem'd one of the Principal Nations in Europe for Piety and Learning; having formerly been so Holy, that it wasterm'd The Island of Saints; and for Learning so Eminent, as all their Chronicles make out, and some others who were not of that Nation, as * Bede, and † Camden do avouch for them.*

* Bede in his Hist. Anglie. lib. 3. cap. 4. 5, 19. & lib. 4. cap. 25. † Camden Brittan. p. 730. Edit. Lond. in fol. anno. 1607.

P R E F A C E.

It was so Famous for Breeding, that many from the adjacent Islands, and most parts of the Continent of Europe came thither for it.

Insomuch as P. Walsh says in his Prospect of Ireland, that when any were wanting from their own Country, it came to be a Proverb, He is gone to Ireland to be bred.

And another in the Life of Sulgenus, has this Distich.

Exemplo patrum commotus
amori legendi,
Ivit ad Hibernos Sophia
mirabile daros.

And we find in their Chronicles, that there were Four Great Universities in Ireland, viz. Ard-magh, Cashell, Dunda - Leath-ghlas, and Lismore, besides many other Colleges of less Note elsewhere; and as Keting in his Manuscript

P R E F A C E.

manuscript has it, in the Reign of Couchuvair Mac-Donochoe, that there were no less than 7000 Scholars at one time in one of those Universities, viz. Ardmagh; and that they were the Irish in those Days who gave a beginning Abroad, as some Writers say, to the Schools of Oxford. But it is most certain they did to those of Paris and Pavia, and many other great Colleges of Learning in Foreign Parts.

And both Camden and Edmund Spenser in his View of Ireland, page 29. do acknowledge, That our Ancestors in Great Britain learned the very form and manner of framing their Character for Writing, from Ireland.

From what has been said, (tho' not a Tenth part of what might be on this very account) I hop'd I might have liberty to dress their words in as becoming a Phrase as
my

P R E F A C E.

my weak Capacity could frame, or the time that I did it in would allow.

As for the other part of the Story, it is all Historical, and treads only the Path of the true Chronicle, if we may give Credit to my Authors, who are Bede, Camden, Heylin, Spenser, Hamor, Campion, Dr. Keting, Sir James Ware, Flahertus, and P. Walsh. I have, I must confess, omitted several Remarkable Passages, and Twenty four of the Twenty five Battles which Bryan Boraimh Fought in his Reign and won; but yet I have not foisted in any thing, that might be injurious to the Truth, in their Places, and have only made a Compendium of Things as tho' done in four or five Years time, which perhaps were Transacting half so many score.

I have

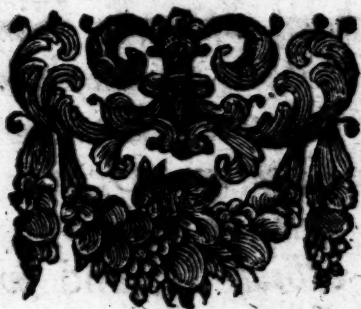
P R E F A C E.

I have constrain'd my self, contrary to the Custom of most who write these sort of Essays, to make my Lovers die unmarried; since I could find no Authority to the contrary. And I should indeed have been very willing to have embrac'd the Opportunity (could I have found any colour for it) of making them, after so many Misfortunes, to have ended their Trouble in the Married Bed.

Lastly, since my Design in the beginning was to shew the strange means by which Ireland was once deliver'd from the Tyranny of Turgesius and the Danes, by the Beauty of a Virgin; I thought it might not be impertinent to the Story, to make the same Maid, tho' in a more vertuous way, be the Instrument of saving it a second time, by infusing of Courage into her Lover, who, we'll suppose for her sake, did things that
Day,

P R E F A C E.

Day, which almost surpasses all belief; tho' at the same time she had little or no part it may be in the Victory. This License I presum'd might lawfully be granted in a Novel.



Irish



Irish TALES.



ASTING and Ter-
rible were the bloody
Wars which the An-
cient *Irish* sustain'd a-
gainst the powerful
Danes; who, by their vast Num-
bers, and continual supplies of
fresh Men, who Recruited them
daily, and were weekly landing
at one Port or other, came to their
aid, they being then Masters of
the Sea, so harass'd and tir'd the
long defending Islanders, that at
last they were forc'd to submit,
and their Provincial Kings become

B

for

for some small space of Time,
Tributaries to the *Dane*.

Turgesius, the *Danish* Captain General, being a Soldier of invincible Courage, and no less Ambitious, made himself be stit'd Monarch of *Ireland*, and with a Splendid and Magnificent Train of hardy and resolute Warriors, whom Peace and Idleness, the Seeds of Wickedness, and the Mildew of Vertue had rusted into Courtiers, kept his Court in the center of the Country, at *Lough-Ribh*, near that place, where now stands the Town of *Athlone*.

He was a Man so skill'd and train'd up in Arms, and Martial Fatigues, that had he only follow'd the Business he profess'd, his Conquests and Victories might have been an everlasting Theme for Ages to come; and had not his Lust like a Canker eaten away the
the



the Inscriptions his Sword had engraven, his Victorious Memory might to this day have been the enduring Song of Fame.

Turgesius having subdu'd the best part of the People of this Nation, nay, indeed, we may say all, but a few who knew not how to bow their Necks in subjection to any but a lawful Prince, or stoop to any thing beneath their free Liberties, and Obedience to their own Kings, had betaken themselves to Boggs, Woods, Mountains, Rocks, and inaccessible Places; whose Wisdom and Conduct being back'd with an inimitable Valour, in a few Weeks wrought out their own Infranchizements, and broke the servile Bonds, in which their fellow *Irish* were enslav'd, notwithstanding the mighty Care and Circumspection *Turgesius* us'd to the contrary; for there was not a Hole, or

a Corner, much less a Town or a City in the whole Realm, that was capable of it, in which he had not planted a Garrison, made as he thought, secure by impregnable Fortifications.

All things being order'd in this manner, he began to partake of the Pleasures of Peace, which his long Toil and indefatigable Labours had newly establish'd. Those cruel Wars which had open'd the veins of this distemper'd sick Kingdom, had not yet drain'd one drop of his ill Blood, which corrupting for want of usual Exercise, made him degenerate from the noble Science of War, to practise that of Love; and giving way to his unruly Passion, became in a short time wholly Conquer'd by the fair Eyes of *Dooneflaith*, the Daughter of *Maolseachelvin* King of *Meath*.

This

This Lady was one, on whom Nature had lavishly bestow'd all the Graces and Ornaments which could be, to make Humanity adorable ; she was so nobly endow'd, and so incomparably Beautiful, that to see her, and not admire her, was impossible ; yet was she capable of all the soft sentiments Love could imprint ; and had already devoted her Heart to a Man, to whom without blame she might warrantably do, being Prince *Murchoe*, Eldest Son to *Bryan Boriamb*, who was afterwards Elected King of all *Ireland*.

This Prince matchless in his gallant Exploits, was not less to be paralell'd in his Love ; it is enough to tell you, he saw the beautiful *Dooneflaith*, and consequently lost his Heart in the sight ; but so much awe did her Vertue create in him, that for some time

he languish'd in the Torments of his Flame, without daring to utter one word of his Love; and all the while the charming *Doone-flaith* was subject to the same Malady.

Thus for a Time did these two secret Lovers live in Hopes that Fortune would at some time or other, be propitious to their Amours; and altho' they were so enamour'd of each other, yet dar'd not either of them shew the least sign of their Passion. For now *Turfesius* made it his business to win the Heart of this Lady, and *Maolseachelvin* himself was not the last who discern'd it; nor could he any way forbid his Address, knowing how dangerous a thing it might prove, to stand in competition with so mighty and powerful a King. *Murchoe* was not insensible of it, and to his inexpressible Grief, was forc'd in
silence

silence to bewail his Misfortunes,
 and see all the Joy of his Soul
 Caress'd and Ador'd by another :
 What Lamentations and Moans
 would he make when alone ? And
 what Grief would possess him,
 when he fear'd that his charming
Dooneflaith might in time consent
 to the Love of the Tyrant. He
 became so Melancholy and Trou-
 bled, that the whole Court cou'd
 not but take notice of it ; and
 notwithstanding he us'd all endea-
 vours to stifle his Flame, yet he
 could not so closely conceal it,
 but *Turgesius* (for no Eyes are
 sharper than those of the Jealous)
 perceiv'd it ; and under pretence
 that he suspected him to be
 Ill inclin'd to his Government,
 Banish'd him the Province,
 which was a far greater Punish-
 ment to the young Prince, than
 had he instantly doom'd him to
 Die.

Dooneflaith was soon made acquainted with the Misfortune of *Murchoe*, in which she took such part, that she had much ado to refrain falling in a swoon before the King, and was forc'd to feign an Excuse to get from his sight; she went slenderly accompanied, having but two Maids who kept at a distance, into a Garden, at the farther end of which was a Grove, whose melancholy shades seem'd fittest for her Condition; and in which obscurity she might have free Liberty (thinking no body by) to vent her Complaints, while her Women, who seeing her sit down on a Bank, retir'd to an Arbour hard by.

It was not without much trouble, and many endeavours that she could find utterance for her words, her sighs and sobs still hindring her Speech; but at length having by large streams of Tears, which

which ran down her Cheeks, almost drain'd the Channels of her Eyes, she began to give ease to her Heart, which without vent, must have certainly burst.

“ Oh! unfortunate and miserable *Dooneflaith* (saith she)
 “ whither wilt thou fly for ease,
 “ since *Murchoe*, the peace of thy
 “ Soul is banish'd thy sight, and
 “ whose presence was the only
 “ stay of my Life; what avails
 “ Life, or Eyes to me, now that
 “ dear Object's gone? Surely this
 “ Tyrant who usurps our Throne,
 “ has found I love the Prince, and
 “ his Jealous Fears have drove
 “ him from the Court, that he
 “ might also usurp a place in my
 “ Heart! Oh! *Murchoe*, *Murchoe*,
 “ cou'dst thou but know my
 “ Soul; Oh! that my sighs could
 “ reach thy distant Ears, and make
 “ thee sensible of what I suffer
 “ for thee.

B 5

While

While she was thus complaining to her self, e're she was aware *Turgesius* approach'd her, and found her in tears; just at the same time as *Murchoe*, who behind an adjoining Hedge had over-heard all she had said, was going to throw himself at her feet; but seeing *Turgesius* arrive, he lay still, as much pleas'd with what he had learnt from *Dooneflaith's* own mouth, as troubled and afflicted at the coming of so Potent a Rival, who hinder'd him from making known to his Mistress the sense that he had of her Goodness, and the absolute Power she had gain'd over his Heart.

Dooneflaith was greatly surpriz'd to see one so near her, whom she so much fear'd, and had cause to hate; she would have risen and left the Place to the King; but was prevented,
by

by his taking her by the Hand, and throwing himself down by her; she, not yet well awaken'd from the lulling Cogitations of her dear *Murchoe*, her beautiful Face all cover'd with blushes, was forc'd to sit down by *Turgesius*; who casting a look, which signify'd how much he was concern'd for her Trouble, desir'd her to tell him the cause of it; adding, if it lay in his power to give her Redress, she had no more to do but command him.

Dooneflaith, at the present, was at a loss what Answer to make him; 'till after several Demands, she spoke in this manner.

“ My Lord (said she) you urge
 “ me to do that, which I fear
 “ when perform'd, will displease
 “ you. 'Tis not but that I know
 “ the Honour you are pleas'd to
 “ confer on our Family in vouch-
 B 6 safeing

“ safeing to cast your Affections on
 “ me, who so little deserve them ;
 “ nor is it, but that I have confi-
 “ dence enough in your Kingly
 “ Word, that makes me thus
 “ scrupulous ; but so it is, unless
 “ with an Oath you confirm that
 “ you will grant my Request, I
 “ shall still keep the cause of my
 “ Grief to my self.

Turgesius, was strangely per-
 plex'd in his Mind, to see one,
 whom he thought he might have
 commanded, make Capitulations
 with him, and so much to distrust
 the Word of a Monarch, that no
 less than an Oath would serve to
 confirm her, He told her, “ That
 “ had she not gotten an absolute
 “ sway over his Heart, he wou'd
 “ never have condescended to a
 “ thing the most powerful Prince
 “ shou'd never have gained from
 “ him ; in short, he swore to her
 “ By Heaven, and all his Pagan
 “ Gods,

“ Gods, that whatever she de-
 “ manded if it lay in his power
 “ should be granted, upon Condi-
 “ tion that she would allow him
 “ to love her, and give him leave
 “ to hope, that in time his Passi-
 “ on might be rewarded.

“ My Lord, (reply'd she) you
 “ pretend to grant my request,
 “ and tell me my Power is ab-
 “ solute, and yet you confine me
 “ to that, which perhaps, of all
 “ things in the World is opposite
 “ to my quiet; as for your loving
 “ me, it lies not in my power to
 “ hinder; and as for your hopes
 “ that your Passion may be re-
 “ warded, is a thing I can wil-
 “ lingly suffer, so that you will
 “ not by your Power and Autho-
 “ rity urge me to Marry you a-
 “ gainst my consent, and with-
 “ all, that you would recall the
 “ unhappy *Murchoe*, whom I
 “ know

“ know you have banish’d only
 “ for my sake.

Turgesius after a small pause,
 answer’d her “ Madam said
 “ he altho’ your Father should
 “ command you to marry me,
 “ nay, tho’ my Life, and my fu-
 “ ture Eternal Happiness only de-
 “ pended upon it, yet will I al-
 “ low you your own liberty, nor
 “ ever Wed you, unless you
 “ freely consent to it. But as
 “ for *Murchoe*’s repeal, it wou’d
 “ indeed shew in me too much
 “ love, but too little discretion;
 “ for I know well, Madam, (says
 “ he going on) the *Prince*’s
 “ Thoughts are too aspiring,
 “ and that so long as he lives in
 “ the Province, I must expect nei-
 “ ther Peace in my Throne, nor
 “ my Love, for I have more suf-
 “ ficient Proofs than bare report,
 “ that he Rivals me both in your
 “ Heart and my Crown: How
 “ much

“ much cause have I therefore to
 “ to hate him? especially now,
 “ since you are so much interest-
 “ ed for him, I shall but take in-
 “ to my Bosom a Snake, that
 “ when warm’d again with my
 “ Favour, will sting me to the
 “ Heart, and with his Venom ran-
 “ kle all my Peace and Tranqui-
 “ lity; however, to shew you that
 “ I pretend not to your Love by
 “ that power the Heavens have
 “ put into my Hands, I freely
 “ consent that he stay still at home,
 “ nay even here in our Court,
 “ and I shall admit him to use all
 “ his Art, and make his Addresses
 “ to you, so that I likewise may
 “ be heard in my turn.

Turgesius remained some time
 silent, in expectation of her An-
 swer, but the blessing his Words
 had pour’d on her Heart, was
 too mighty for her Tongue, nor
 knew she how to return him the
 Thanks

“ know you have banish’d only
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Thanks which were due for so noble an Offer, without betraying too much of her Love, but at last overcoming the conflict in her Soul, she utter'd these Words.

“ Most renowned Conqueror !
 “ your Generosity and Goodness
 “ have so far wrought on my
 “ Heart, that I fear there is no-
 “ thing in honour you can demand,
 “ that I shall have the ability to
 “ deny you : And since it hath
 “ pleas'd you to leave all to my
 “ choice, I make a farther refer-
 “ ence of it to Heaven, who I
 “ humbly implore to direct all
 “ my Actions ; and since so free-
 “ ly you have told me your mind ;
 “ I will be as liberal of mine, and
 “ here solemnly protest, that *Mur-*
 “ *choe* has never so much as o-
 “ pen'd his Mouth, or made
 “ known to me by any means
 “ whatsoever, the things which
 “ you lay to his Charge.

Turgesius

Turgesius was pleas'd at these Words, and took his leave of her, with a promise immediately to recall *Murchoe*, whom he told her he believ'd was not departed from Court, it being yet within the limits of the time appointed for his Banishment. *Dooneflaith* return'd him such an answer, as the Nobleness of the Deed did require; she told him he had now took the right course to succeed in his Love; but no sooner was he parted from her, but she began to accuse her own Heart for what she had done, and altho' it was only what her love for *Murchoe* had urg'd her to, yet she could not but lightly condemn the way that she had taken to gain his Repeal; she was too sensible there was no room in her Breast for any but *Murchoe*, and that *Turgesius*, with all his endeavours could never supplant the esteem she had for him; and
withal,

withal, vow'd in her heart, that if once *Murchoe* shou'd mention his Love, to give him such an answer as should not displease him.

Turgesius had no sooner left her, but at a small distance he espies *Dooneflaith's* two Women, who at present he knew not, and his curiosity pressing him to see who they were that were most melodiously singing to an Harp, which they had brought with them into the Garden, Musick being the chief thing that did of late allay the melancholly humour of their Lady; he therefore retir'd under the covert of an Hedge that was by and had but just laid himself down to give attention to the Song, but he espied *Murchoe* with his Sword in his hand; *Turgesius* call'd to his Guards, thinking he had some design on his Person; but *Murchoe* dissipated those fears, by throwing Himself, and his Sword at the
Conque-

Conquerors Feet, without so much as speaking one Word.

Turgesius, who was now in a greater surprize, to see his most mortal Enemy (as he thought him) in so suppliant a posture, and not doubting but that *Murchoe* had had some private Conference with his Mistress, was inflam'd with such Jealousy, that with a fierce and angry tone he pronounc'd aloud these Words, which *Doone-flaith* plainly could hear.

“ Ha ! Villain, (says he to *Murchoe*) what rash and inconsiderate Thing art thou, whom Heaven has so far deserted, that thou sett'st thy Life at no higher a rate, than thus to presume to approach one, whom so justly thou hast made thy Enemy, and thus dar'st to infringe those fatal Orders I have given ; and thus by intrenching on the liberty I have allowed thee, for thy
“ two

“ two days stay to make prepara-
 “ tion for thy Banishment, and ta-
 “ kest the privilege to interrupt the
 “ solitude of her, whom my heart
 “ adores, and thereby pull down
 “ thy sudden Undoing.

Murchoe heard these Threats
 with a Soul all inflam'd with Re-
 venge; but fearing the prejudice
 of his Mistress, who now he began
 to hope, held not his Life indiffe-
 rent, stifled at present his resent-
 ment, and tho' at any other time
 he had a mortal detestation of Flat-
 tery, yet now he thought it most
 expedient for the working his in-
 terest with the divine *Dooneflaith*,
 answer'd him thus.

“ Most puissant, yet haughty
 “ *Turgesius*, that Title of Vil-
 “ lain you gave me, I renounce,
 “ and had you been ten times
 “ my Conqueror, would retort it
 “ back to thy Face; had I not by
 “ accident, and not willingly heard
 “ how

“ how generously you intend to
 “ proceed ; it is not this misera-
 “ ble Life I fear to lose, nor is it
 “ that Heaven has so far deserted
 “ me that makes me Bow at
 “ your Feet, nor is this posture I
 “ am now in, so Suppliant as it
 “ is Thankful ; I bow thus low to
 “ *Turgesus*, not that I fear the
 “ worst he can do, but to return
 “ him my thanks for the freedom
 “ he gives me in once more seeing
 “ *Dooneflaith*, and for the liberty
 “ he has granted to permit me
 “ to make my humble Addresses
 “ to her. Now witness for me all
 “ ye Pow’rs above, my Life, my
 “ Honour, nay, what’s more, my
 “ very Soul, I set at nought when
 “ She e’er stands in Competition.
 “ I must confess, and ’tis the first
 “ time I ever taught my Tongue
 “ to say it, I Love ! I Love, the
 “ fair, the charming, virtuous, and
 “ all divine *Dooneflaith* ; but to
 “ my

“ my everlasting Torment, I love,
 “ without expectance of return ;
 “ no, were my hopes as great and
 “ high as Sinners new absolv’d, I
 “ should despair, since I have you
 “ for my Rival. What Power have
 “ I, dejected banish’d I, when such
 “ a resiftless Conqueror puts in
 “ his claim? A Crown, a Crown,
 “ *Turgesius*, I fear will dazzle her
 “ fair Eyes, so glittering will the
 “ mighty Glory shine, that she
 “ will look on no less light.

“ Enough, *Murchoe*, says *Tur-*
 “ *gesius*, and as I conquer’d thee
 “ in Arms, I’ll Conquer in my
 “ Love ; henceforward I’ll lay
 “ by my Crown, that shall be
 “ no title to gain her ; nay more,
 “ thus far I promise thee, that I
 “ will ne’er demand her for my
 “ Wife, nor seek her for my Bed
 “ on such a Price ; Love only shall
 “ be currant Coin, and that I’ll
 “ lavish to acquire my Ends ; take
 “ then

“ then your Sword, take my For-
 “ giveness, thy own Liberty, and
 “ if thou canst, take *Dooneflaith*,
 “ I’ll condescend so low to call
 “ thee Rival now; and since un-
 “ urg’d thou ownest thou lovest
 “ her, thou wilt have punishment
 “ enough for all thy Crimes, to
 “ see her circled by her own con-
 “ sent within these Arms.

By this time the Guards were
 come up, and *Turgesius*, in the sight
 of them, and *Dooneflaith*, who
 also was come up when he call’d
 to his Guards, took *Murchoe* from
 the Ground, and in the presence
 of them all, pronounced his Par-
 don, and the freedom he allow’d
 him to make his Addresses to
Dooneflaith.

Dooneflaith was so taken with
 his generous Proceeding, that she
 cou’d not with-hold from giving
 him a thousand Praises, which
 made him imagine he had no small
 Inte-

Interest in her Heart already ; and were as so many stabs in the Breast of *Murchoe*, who now began to think that her pleading for his repeal, was only out of fear that in his absence, he might raise new Forces, and so once more bring *Turgesius's* Life into hazard : After a walk or two in the Garden, *Turgesius* making *Murchoe* take one of *Dooneflaith's* fair hands, while he held the other, they went in all together ; and now the whole Court was talking of nothing, but the aspiring Love of *Murchoe*, and the noble Condescension of *Turgesius*.

Moalseachelvin was at that instant with *Brian Boraimh*, *Murchoe's* Father, in consultation how they should shake off the tyrannous Yoak of this Usurper, when this last adventure came to their Ears, *Moalseachelvin* from thence gather'd some hopes of accomplishing his ends ;

ends; but *Brian* inwardly accused his Son of disloyalty to his Country, who when he had the Tyrant alone, at his Mercy, prefer'd the love of *Maolseachelvin's* Daughter, before that of his Honour, and his enthrall'd Kingdom, wherefore they both parted at that time, without coming to any result.

The next day *Turgesius* made his addresses to *Dooneflaith*, but found his reception colder than he imagin'd; wherefore sending for her Father, he discover'd his Mind to him, and contrary to his Promise and Oath to *Dooneflaith*, commanded him to use his utmost endeavours to reduce his Daughter to accept his Love.

Murchoe taking the advantage of *Turgesius's* Permission, went also to *Dooneflaith*, where he freely open'd his Mind, and discover'd to her all that he had heard from her the day before in the Garden,

C

she

she saw it was now no time any longer to hide her affections, and to the unspeakable joy of *Murchoe*, confess'd that he had won so much on her heart, that would their Parents consent, she was willing to accept him for her *Husband*; this was not so privately done, but a Spy whom *Turgesius* had secretly plac'd there to that purpose, made him acquainted with all that had pass'd, which rais'd such confusion in his Soul, that he knew not how to be reveng'd on *Murchoe*, nor what punishment to inflict on *Dooneflaith*; but after many tormenting *Cogitations*, was resolv'd, himself, to be a private Spectator; and if that he found what he fear'd, (and was told him) to be true, to end *Murchoe's* Life with his own hand.

Wherefore in a day or two after, seeing *Dooneflaith* was inexorable to all his Intreaties, he
 seem'd

seem'd to give over his Suit, and now *Murchoe* had the greater liberty of prosecuting his Amours. He had endur'd all the reproaches that an incens'd Father cou'd make him, and had in vain solicited for his consent, and altho' he found his Mistress, and also her Father no ways averse, but rather desiring the Match, yet to his affliction and sorrow he could see no probability of his happiness, since his own Father stood so much against it: No Prayers, nor Intreaties cou'd move him, and he had charged him no more to visit *Doone-flaith* upon that account.

Murchoe, who had yet never known what Disobedience to his Father was, and had never broke the least of his Commands, now saw himself in a miserable condition, either he must loose the love of his Father, or that of his Mistress, both equally destructive to

him, he resolves, at last, to follow his Duty, in hopes that in time his Love thereby would prove more happy; he fail'd not however to pay her his visits, tho' with a Countenance less assur'd than before; and she could not but observe the great alteration that was wrought in his Heart; his Words bore not those soft and sweet accents they were wont, nor did he put that joy on his Face as formerly he had: She could not see so mighty a change, but ask'd to be inform'd of the cause, which with disjointed Words, and heavy Sighs he at length told her.

“ O Madam! (says he, *with his Eyes flowing over with Tears*)
 “ how unhappy is the wretched
 “ *Murchoe*, since even the Heavens
 “ conspire to his Misery! and, but
 “ that I have reason to hope that
 “ I am not altogether indifferent
 “ to you, I should not thus pine
 “ and

“ and waste to my Grave, but
 “ boldly at once leap o’er the bat-
 “ tlements of Life, and seek for a
 “ Death the nearest way.

Dooneflaith hearing him talk of
 Death, took him by the hand,
 and (with a thousand soft charms
 in her Eyes, tho’ half drown’d
 in Tears, said to him) “ O my
 “ Lord! can any thing make your
 “ Life so burdensome that you
 “ would quit it so long as I love
 “ you? can you thing of wound-
 “ ing a Heart wherein I have an
 “ interest? For so nearly ally’d
 “ are all your Sufferings to my
 “ self, that not one drop falls from
 “ your Eyes, but my Heart an-
 “ swers with the like of Blood:
 “ Say then, my *Murchoe*, what
 “ has befallen? Has *Turgesius* gi-
 “ ven you cause of Jealousy? or
 “ do you think because I allow of
 “ his Visits (which Heaven knows
 “ is not in my pow’r to prevent,
 C 3 “ or

“ or I would) that I ever can con-
 “ sent to his Love? No, no, *Mur-*
 “ *choe*, not all the Diadems in the
 “ World, not all the Monarchs
 “ on Earth shall put you from my
 “ Heart; there you, and none
 “ but you shall Reign, but play
 “ not the Tyrant there, and
 “ by *Turgesius*’s Example take
 “ delight to spoil and ransack
 “ what I so freely give,—Here her
 Sighs broke off her Speech, and
 rais’d our Lover from the Extasies
 her tender Words had cast
 him into.

“ Dry up (oh! my Souls dear
 “ Treasure, says he) these preci-
 “ ous Drops, the moyety of which
 “ would largely expiate the Sins
 “ of all Mankind; I know thou
 “ lov’st me, and am prouder in
 “ that Title, than were I Mo-
 “ narch of the Universe; but my
 “ Dearest, Charming *Dooneflaith*,
 “ thy Love alone but makes me
 “ mise-

“ miserable, since I must only see
 “ there is an Heaven, but never
 “ be admitted to it. My — Oh
 “ *Dooneflaith*, my Cruel Father
 “ has commanded me to Love
 “ no more ; no more to talk and
 “ spend my happy Hours in thy
 “ blest Company, no more to sit
 “ and gaze on that dear Face, no
 “ more to change soft Looks, and
 “ Prattle with our Eyes the Se-
 “ crets of our Hearts ; no more
 “ now must I wish for Night,
 “ that in my Dreams my *Doone-*
 “ *flaith* may delight me, nor wa-
 “ king in the Morning rise to
 “ make me blessed in my Visits
 “ to you. *Turgesius* is all merci-
 “ ful and good, his Heart more
 “ soft and pliant than my Fa-
 “ ther’s, or were it not, with this
 “ Sword I’d—

Here *Turgesius* came from the
 Place in which he had over-hear’d
 all, and was so transported with

his Rage, that had not *Doone-flaith* interpos'd, *Murchoe* (e'er he could have turned in his own Defence) had been laid as a Sacrifice to his Anger dead at his feet, nor had he the patience (so much was he blinded with Passion) to stay till he had call'd his Guards; but enter'd alone unarmed all but his Sword.

Murchoe was so lost in his Sorrow, that till he heard *Doone-flaith* shriek out, he saw him not enter, and was ready to save *Turgesus* the pains, and have dy'd of himself, when he saw his Mistress hold his Rival in her Arms; then falling on her Knees (still holding by his Robe) and profusely showing down floods of Tears to save her Lovers Life. "O *Turgesus*, my Lord, my King and
 "Conqueror, spare, O mighty
 "Monarch, spare my *Murchoe's*
 "Life, and in exchange I'll give
 "you

" you this of mine; kill not a
 " Man, the Gods themselves wou'd
 " mourn to lose, one whom their
 " utmost Skill can never paral-
 " lell.

Turgesius by this time repented
 him of his entring alone, know-
 ing by that rashness, that he haz-
 zarded a Life, his Love, and a
 Crown, against a Man most stout,
 and much beneath him; where-
 fore going to retreat, he was pre-
 vented by *Murchoe*, who by this
 time had got between him and
 the Door, and stood ready with
 his Sword in his Hand to hinder
 his passage. " Is this, (says he
 " to him) according to your King-
 " ly Word? Do you esteem your
 " Vows and Oaths so little? Then
 " Heaven refuse me, when I beg
 " its Mercy, if I let slip this op-
 " portunity. No, Faithless Ty-
 " rant, now I meet thee single,
 " come from thy Buckler there,

“ and meet me fairly, now show
 “ thy Valour, and preserve thy
 “ Life, by taking mine; for all
 “ the Powers above have joyn’d
 “ consent, that one of us must
 “ fall.

Turgesius could no longer listen
 to his threats, but (disengaging
 himself from *Dooneflaith*, he
 cry’d out) “ Good Gods, if Inso-
 “ lence like this, to me, who am
 “ thy King, shall ’scape without
 “ its just Reward, and go away
 “ unpunish’d, let every School-
 “ boy whip me with a Rod; and
 “ may the Women brand me,
 “ with the hated Name of Cow-
 “ ard! Die Traytor (goes he on
 making a stroak at him) “ since
 “ one of us must fall, take a
 “ Death too glorious for so base
 “ a Villain from thy Monarch’s
 “ Hands.

Here they both engag’d in
 Fight, but *Dooneflaith* fearing
 the

the loss of her lov'd *Murchoe*,
 catches hold of *Turgesius's* Arms,
 by which means she gave *Mur-*
choe opportunity to get within
 him, and disarm him. " Now,
 " Sir (says *Murchoe*) but that I
 " scorn so poor and base Revenge,
 " and would not use the advan-
 " tage given me by a Woman,
 " I'd ease the Kingdom of its
 " Thraldome, and free my self
 " from a perfidious Rival. 'Tis
 " she alone, that vertuous lovely
 " Lady, whose presence charms
 " my Hand from giving thee that
 " Death which thou deservest.
 " O Madam (says he turning to
Dooneflaith) " how inglorious
 " have you made my Name!
 " that, had you given me leave,
 " might have resounded through
 " the World, and born the Title
 " of its Countrys Saver! *Ireland*
 " should then have had its native
 " Liberty again, and I perhaps
 " been.

“ been chose their King, proud
 “ only in that Glory, to lay my
 “ Crown beneath your Feet.

Turgesius (with a dauntless Front) told him how much he was indebted to *Dooneflaith*, who had not only Repeal'd his Banishment, but had now given him the advantage over him. He told him withal, how base and mean insulting was; and bid him, since he was in his power, to use him as he pleas'd; but charg'd him still to be mindful how he got the Victory so much he boasted of. *Murchoe* cou'd no longer endure the thoughts of making use of the Advantage given him against a single Man, threw *Turgesius* his Sword, and bid him use it once more. But *Dooneflaith* ran to him, and with Tears in her Eyes, besought him to desist; but nothing could prevail; and had not some of the Courtiers and Guards

Guards (who by this time were come to the place, hearing the clashing of Swords) prevented (by disarming the valiant *Murchoe*) *Turgesius* had a second time fall'n under his Mercy; for just as they had seiz'd on him, *Turgesius*'s Sword broke short to his Hand.

It was not without many commands that *Turgesius* himself cou'd hinder the enrag'd Soldiers from taking *Murchoe*'s Life, and cutting him to pieces even before his Mistresses Eyes, who now pleaded in his behalf so persuasively, that she obtain'd of the Monarch his Liberty of Life, with Condition that he forthwith left the Kingdom. *Murchoe* after what he had done, was glad at present on any Conditions to get from the malice of the enraged *Danes*; wherefore without so much as taking his Leave of *Dooneflaith*,

neflaith, he fled from the Court; but not being willing to leave his Native Soil, by which he knew he should utterly be depriv'd of all means of serving his Mistress; whose absence now ran more in his Mind than all his other Misfortunes, his Life became in two or three Days so cumberfom to him, that he was resolv'd either to lose it, or free it, together with all *Ireland* of the Tyrannous Burthen it bore. To which end, he posts to *Armagh*, whereof *Turgesius* was quickly inform'd, and at four several times in one Month, caused Fire to be set to that City, to drive him from thence: Nor did he spare either Monastery or Church that stood in his way, lest he should take Sanctuary in them. He likewise put to Death all their Priests, and plac'd Heathen Lay-Abbots in every Cloister. Nor did his fury spare

spare either Sex or Age, whom he thought favour'd his Concealment.

The poor afflicted *Dooneflaith* spent all her Nights and Days in most cruel condolment for the loss of her *Marchoe*; nor could all the fair Promises or large Offers *Turgesius* could make, win her to bestow on him, even to his own Face, any other than the Title of Tyrant; in hopes that thereby she might raise his Cruelty to that pitch, as to give her a Death, which next to the Love of her dear *Marchoe*, would now be most welcome unto her.

Turgesius's Love now became so fierce and unruly in his Breast, that nothing but the Enjoyment of *Dooneflaith* could allay it, or give him one moment of ease; he resolv'd in himself, nothing should impede his Desires; wherefore he once more sends to her Father

ther *Maolseachelvin*, to use his Authority with his Daughter, and make her more pliant to his Love; or that all who belong'd to her, should feel the weight of his Anger, and know how fatal the Consequence should be in case she refus'd, and did not come willingly into his Arms; he had left off his Addresses to her, after having found her impregnable, and wait-
a while for an Answer from *Maolseachelvin*.

Some days pass'd, and the unfortunate *Dooneflaith* began to entertain hopes that the Tyrant had quitted his Suit, and that her ill usage of him had banish'd his Love; she had now time enough to bewail her Misfortunes, and miss'd not a Day, in which she went not to the Grove in the Garden to ease her sorrowful Heart by Complaints. One Day among the rest, she was got into
an

an Arbour, where having wearied her self with her Grief, soft slumbers seal'd up her Eyes, and laid her to Sleep, and in her Dreams she imagin'd she saw *Murchoe* all bloody come into her Room, and give her a thousand Reproaches of being unfaithful; then pulling a Sword from under his Robe, he would have pierc'd his own Breast; at the sight whereof, *Dooneflaith* started out of her Sleep, in such an Agony, that she was not her self in an hour or two after. But having well consider'd 'twas only a Dream, and the Fancy of her Distemper'd Brain, she fell to complaining again.

“ Oh ! merciless Powers, said
 “ she, how long will you make
 “ me the Mark of your Anger?
 “ why, O relentless Heav'ns ! are
 “ you so Cruel ! Oh ease me of my
 “ Misery, or Life ! For what un-
 “ known

“ known Offence do you afflict
 “ me thus? Thus Rack and Tor-
 “ ture one, who always to the
 “ utmost of her Power, has been
 “ Obedient to your holy Wills!
 “ which even now, amidst this
 “ Mass of Woe, I willingly sub-
 “ mit unto! All I request, is but
 “ one farewell sight of him I love
 “ next to your selves; let him but
 “ once more bless my Eyes, and I
 “ shall die contented.

No sooner had she utter'd these
 words, but she saw at the entrance
 of the Arbour, one in a Womans
 Dress, who at first view she knew
 not; but recollecting her self, she
 perceiv'd to be *Murchoe*. “ Thanks,
 “ bounteous Heaven, said she, now
 “ my Prayers are heard, this
 “ Charitable Act has cancell'd all
 “ your former Cruelty; wellcome
 “ my Love, says she, running to
 take him in her Arms; but how
 was she surpriz'd to see him shun
 her

her soft Embraces! and stood gazing on her, as tho' he had never seen her before. " Ah! *Murchoe*, " says the charming Maid, is it " thus you requite all my Suffer- " ings? Can my Embraces be " thought troublesome! or sure I " do mistake, and this is not my " Love, but some illusion that " does wear his Face, and come to " mock my Miseries.

Murchoe was so astonish'd at his suddain Happiness, that he could scarcely believe what he heard, or saw; and *Dooneflaith* was so much alter'd with her continual Pineing and Grief, that he scarce knew her: But his Senses assuming their former strength, he ran to her, and fell at her feet, where he vented such a flood of Tears, and so many Sighs, that he was not able for some time to utter one word, while the passionate *Dooneflaith*, fearing he was
grown

grown unkind, or jealous, fell down by him in a Trance.

Murchoe, not minding where he was, and what hazard he ran of discovering himself, and consequently of losing his Life, call'd out for Help, naming himself a thousand times over, to have been the unfortunate fatal Cause.

“ Oh! *Murchoe*, *Murchoe*, said
 “ he, what hast thou done? Oh!
 “ I cou'd stab my Heart, tear all
 “ my Limbs, and gnaw my very
 “ Flesh, for being thus rash!
 “ Cursed be my Life, and blasted
 “ be my Hopes, which thus have
 “ made me take on this Disguise,
 “ O *Dooneflaith*, my lovely Dear,
 “ my charming Saint look up,
 “ look up, thy *Murchoe* calls;
 “ more miserable now than are
 “ the wretched Damn'd! Oh ye
 “ Inhabitants above, look down,
 “ and lend your aid; recall the
 “ part-

“ parting Life of her whose Loss
 “ will make this Kingdom Poor.

Dooneflaith by this time coming to her self again, gave him a Sign that she liv'd by a Groan.
 “ O blessed sound, said he, what
 “ Musick dost thou make in my
 “ Heart! such a sad accent coming from my Love, at any
 “ other time, wou'd rend my very Soul; but now since 'tis the
 “ Messenger of Life, 'tis more
 “ Melodious than the Songs of
 “ Angels are; repeat it once again, and bless my Ears.—Ha!
 “ says *Dooneflaith*, where am I?
 “ What super-Officious Hand
 “ hath brought me back to Life!
 “ What more than savage Beast,
 “ could be so cruel to awake me
 “ from my long Eternal Sleep.
 But opening her Eyes and seeing *Murchoe*, she alter'd her Note, and gave Heav'n a thousand thanks for their Kindness, and ask'd him

him forgiveness for what she had said.

He had yet no power to Answer, nor wou'd his Kisses permit her to finish what e'er she began, and to their mutual Content and Satisfaction, they spent some time in the silent Oratory of their Eyes, where each so feelingly did tell such Stories, as Words cou'd ne'er express. *Murchoe* was the first who broke silence, and return'd her a million of Thanks for the interest she had taken in all that he suffer'd, they made a thousand new Protestations of Loving till Death, and gave each other firm assurances of future Fidelity. They were parting, with Promises to see each other as often as they could when *Maolseachelvin* her Father enters, taking *Murchoe*, (not minding his Face, which he took care to conceal,) for one of his Daughters Women, let him

him pass by without the least suspicion.

Maolseachelvin told *Dooneflaith* that she must prepare, for in three Days he had promis'd *Turgestus* to send her unto him, accompany'd with fifteen other Virgins, as a Victim to allay the Fury, that her Obstinacy, and *Murchoe's* Treachery had rais'd in his Breast. He stay'd not to receive any Answer, but went forwards to perfect the Walk he intended, and to think of the Project that was working in his Brain.

No sooner was he out of sight, but the afflicted *Dooneflaith* betook her to the Arbour again, and throwing her self on a Bank, she vented her Sorrow in this manner. "Oh Cruel, Barbarous Father, said she, and have you at length consented to a separation
"twixt

“ ’twixt me, and my *Murchoe*, to
 “ become the Wife of *Turgesius*.
 “ But that, I can easily hinder.
 “ Besides, he has Sworn he will
 “ never Request it, but by my
 “ permission, which I will sooner
 “ grant to Furies to hurry me to
 “ Hell. No, inhuman Parent,
 “ tho’ you and all the World
 “ wou’d grant me His! yet if
 “ none else will, Death shall for-
 “ bid the Banes. But if forget-
 “ ful of his Oaths, he forces me
 “ to Wed him, ev’n in the Ty-
 “ rant’s sight, I’ll Pierce my Heart,
 “ and spurt the reaking stream full
 “ in his hated Face.

Murchoe having seen *Maolse-
 achelvin* quit his Daughter, and
 observing her to retire back into
 the Arbour, follow’d after her, to
 enquire what her Father had said.
 But in what a Consternation was
 he? when, as he entred, he beheld
 her tearing her lovely Hair, and
 imprint-

imprinting the marks of her Rage
 on her beautiful Face, and giving
 such stroaks on her tender Breast,
 as were enough to force Life from
 its seat. *Murchoe* ran to her, and
 put a stop to her Hands, which
 surely else had ruin'd so much
 Beauty, as none but she could ever
 boast of. "Oh! unkind *Doone-*
flaith, said he to her, what new
 "affliction has befall'n my Love?
 "that thus she seeks to spoil the
 "fairest Temple, Beauty ever
 "fram'd. "Oh *Murchoe*, replies
 "the despairing *Dooneflaith*, leave
 "me to my self, my Grievs are
 "catching, and with its black
 "Contagion will infect thy Soul;
 "Heaven has not yet left pouring
 "down its Wrath, and what a-
 "lone was meant for me, may
 "fall on you; the Gods above
 "have mark'd me out a Subject
 "for their utmost Cruelties! My
 "Father,—Oh, I blush to call
 D "him

“ him so, forgetting me, forget-
 “ ting Honour and himself, has
 “ giv’n me o’er into the Tyrant’s
 “ Hands; but Three Days time I
 “ have allow’d to mourn the loss of
 “ thee my Love, and everlasting
 “ Happiness.

“ How short, says *Murchoe*,
 “ and fading are poor Lover’s
 “ Joys? For but some Moments
 “ since, I thought my self in
 “ Heaven, and whilst infolded
 “ in my *Dooneflaith*’s Arms, I
 “ thought no Misery cou’d e’er
 “ approach me! Then what a
 “ Fall is here, flung down at
 “ once from that stupendous
 “ height, and dash’d in pieces in
 “ the lowest Hell. Oh *Maolfeach-*
 “ *elvin*, whither is all thy Glory
 “ fled? How canst thou conde-
 “ scend to give this Gem to one
 “ who knows not half the value
 “ of it.

While

While they were thus condoling their hard fortune, and saying all the soft things Love could inspire them with, *Moalseachelvin* returns, and hearing his Daughter's Voice in the Arbour, enter'd, and found our Lovers Arm in Arm, in which posture they had resolv'd to end their Lives together, and never part, but go Hand in Hand to Death: Which had not her Father entred, and snatch'd the Dagger out of *Murchoe's* Hands, had been effected.

Murchoe seeing *Maalseachelvin*, could not forbear discovering himself to him, and giving him a thousand Reproaches for yielding to the Tyrant's will. *Maalseachelvin* was amaz'd to find him in Company with his Daughter, and in such a Dress; but having resolv'd with himself what to do, he thought it but Wisdom to conceal it till some fitter Season.

Wherefore not minding what *Murchae* said to him, he ask'd his Daughter, if she had consider'd well of what he had told her.

“ Most Honour'd Sir, reply'd
 “ the weeping *Dooneflaith*, can I
 “ admit such Thoughts as those ;
 “ your self, nay Heav'n must
 “ Curse me if I do ! What, Wed
 “ a Tyrant ! one whose wicked
 “ Hands have ranfack'd all our
 “ Holy Temples, demolish'd all
 “ our Altars ! burnt all our Chur-
 “ ches, and raz'd our Monaste-
 “ ries, Ravish'd our Nuns, slain
 “ our Pious Priests, and thrown
 “ the very Sacred Host it self to
 “ the Dogs ; whose Tyranny has
 “ Murder'd our Nobles, and fir'd
 “ our Towns and Cities ! Can
 “ such an one be thought a Match
 “ for her, whom you with Pious
 “ Care have taught to hate ! Oh !
 “ rather, Sir, (upon my Knees
 “ I beg it) take back this wret-
 “ ched

“ ched Life you once bestow’d
 “ me.

“ No, Daughter, answers *Mal-*
 “ *olseachelvin*, ’tis not to be his
 “ Wife (for that’s a Name which
 “ blasts the Lover’s Joys) he’d
 “ have you only for his Concu-
 “ bine, use you a while, and then
 “ return you back, you have ta-
 “ ken Care he ne’er shall be your
 “ Husband, by the Oaths you’ve
 “ made him swear, and in Re-
 “ venge, he is resolv’d to have
 “ you—his Mistress, reply’d *Doone-*
 “ *flaith* hastily, “ Oh! Heavens,
 “ my Father sure is Mad; his
 “ Reverend Heart o’er-laden
 “ with its Fears, has banish’d
 “ Sense from thence! What, be
 “ the Tyrant’s Mistress! You can-
 “ not sure have such a thought as
 “ that! you say but this to try
 “ my Resolution! O, have some
 “ pity on your wretched Daugh-
 “ ter, add not more misery unto

“ my troubled Breast, already
 “ over-burden’d with my Woes.

Maolseachelvin could hardly re-
 frain from Tears, to see the sad
 Condition his Daughter was in;
 however he goes on, and laid be-
 fore her the Power of *Turgesius*,
 and that if she did not willingly
 consent, he would have her by
 force. “ Think, says he to her,
 “ how you cou’d endure to see a
 “ loving Father Murder’d before
 “ your Face; for that and more
 “ he swears to do, if you consent
 “ not to his Love; he vows when
 “ he has had his Will, which
 “ all the Powers above he is re-
 “ solv’d shall not hinder, he’ll give
 “ your Body to the vilest *Danes*,
 “ and let the meanest Soldiers use
 “ you as they please. Then think
 “ again, how happy thou may’st
 “ live, how High and Glorious
 “ sit on *Ireland’s* Throne, if by
 “ your

“ your Love you sooth this Migh-
 “ ty Monarch.

Murchoe who all this while stood
 Thunder-struck to hear these im-
 pious urgings of her Father,
 cou'd no longer forbear uttering
 his Mind, with Eyes sparkling
 with Anger, he stept up to him.

“ And can *Maolseachelvin*, says

“ he, then become so base? Can

“ he, whom *Ireland's* Hopes are

“ fix'd upon, degenerate from his

“ Vertuous Noble Ancestors, and

“ from a Prince, become a Bawd!

“ unheard of Wickedness, a Pan-

“ der to his Child! 'Twill can-

“ cel all my former thoughts of

“ Vertue, and make me think

“ thou never didst beget her; for

“ surely such a pure untainted

“ stream cou'd never rise from

“ so impure a Spring! Or were

“ you ten times over her Fa-

“ ther, if it were possible, she

“ shou'd not now obey; I with

“ these Hands wou’d sooner give
 “ her Death my self.

“ No, Ambitious, Vain-glorious
 “ Boy, answers *Maolseachelvin*,
 “ it is not in thy Power to give
 “ her Death, or save thy Life—

So calling to two young Gentle-
 men, who waited without, and
 whom he had won to his Pur-
 pose, and had promis’d in all
 things to follow his Directions,
 he commanded them to lay hold
 on *Murchoe*, and then went on.

“ Now see rash Youth, says he,
 “ how Fatal ’tis to play with
 “ Thunder, whose Bolt has fal-
 “ len, and crush’d thee to the
 “ Earth ; I’ll send thee bound in
 “ Chains along with her, which
 “ Act will doubly gain *Turgesius’s*
 “ Heart,

Dooneflaith seeing them seize
 on *Murchoe*, ran to him, and ta-
 king hold of his Arms, would
 have stop’d him ; but her Father
 loosing

loosing her hold, she fell upon her
 Knees, and, with a Torrent of
 Tears, besought him to save the
 Life of *Murchoe*. “ Do with me,
 “ says she, what you please, give
 “ my unspotted Honour to the
 “ Tyrant’s Lust, Brand me with
 “ Infamy, but save this Noble
 “ Youth.

“ Yes, Mistress, answers her
 “ Father, your Honour is un-
 “ spotted, when in your Arms I
 “ found the lusty Lover; for thy
 “ sake only, tis he now shall die.
 “ O Good Gods! (cries out *Doo-*
 “ *neflaith*) where shall the Inno-
 “ cent fly for Refuge, if you neg-
 “ lect protecting them? Am I
 “ the wretched Cause that he must
 “ bleed? Oh! Heavens, I thought
 “ it was not in your Power to add,
 “ to what I felt before; but now my
 “ misery is doubled on me. Oh!
 “ dearest Father have you quite

" forgot all pity, abandon'd all
 " remorse? Can you suspect me
 " guilty of so foul a Crime, and
 " let me breath? I that till now
 " you always counted good! Wit-
 " ness ye all-knowing Powers how
 " guiltless I am of this blasting
 " Calumny; by all that's Holy,
 " Just and Sacred

*No Lustful Heat e'er warm'd my
 Virgin Breast;
 Bate but that Thought, and I'll
 forgive the rest.*

" Then look upon his Youth,
 " his hopeful, Noble Youth, and
 " pity his Misfortunes; he knows
 " no Sin, unless vertuous Love be
 " such. O dearest Father, I con-
 " jure you save his Life, by all
 " the Charms which Honour can
 " inspire; by my dear Mothers
 " Soul, by all your hopes of Ire-
 " land's Future Happiness, and
 " by

“ by the Glory you shall win by
 “ this good Deed, release him
 “ strait, let not me beg in vain,
 “ you was not us’d to see me thus
 “ in Tears upon my Knees, and
 “ yet refuse to grant me my Re-
 “ quest.

Murchoe seeing *Maolseachelvin*
 so obdurate to all her Intreaties,
 fell likewise on his Knees. “ Be-
 “ hold, said he, with Tears, the
 “ humble *Murchoe* suppliant at
 “ thy Feet, who begs not to pre-
 “ serve his Life, but your dear
 “ Daughter’s Honour, send her
 “ away, and lay the blame on
 “ me, I’ll own ’twas I, who bore
 “ her from his Arms; then to ap-
 “ pease his Wrath, let me be sent
 “ unto him, I’ll willingly endure
 “ his utmost rage, and count my
 “ Life well spent to save her Vir-
 “ tue.

“ Oh! no, dear honour’d Sir,
 “ says *Dooneflaith*, first send me

“ to his Arms, where you will only
 “ lose a Woman’s Life, my Ver-
 “ tue cannot suffer so long as there
 “ are means to stop my breath; or
 “ when the Letcher comes all
 “ fir’d with Lust, I’ll cool his
 “ Veins, by letting forth his blood,
 “ or at the worst, I’ll drown
 “ him in my own.

Maolfeachelvin could no longer
 hold out; but running first to his
 Daughter, then doing the like to
Murchoe, he took them both into
 his Arms, and wept a flood upon
 their Necks. “ Right virtuous
 “ Pair, said he, whom Heaven
 “ has sent to make me happy in
 “ my latter days, my loving Chil-
 “ dren both; forgive the Tryal I
 “ have made; Now witness for me
 “ all ye bless’d above, I hold ye
 “ equally as dear as Life, as Ho-
 “ nour, or my precious Soul; and
 “ since I find so well you Love
 “ each other, curs’d be that Man
 “ who

“ who would untie this Knot:
 “ Now wipe your Tears away as
 “ I do mine, tho’ sprung from
 “ different Causes; yours, from
 “ your Sorrows, mine, from mighty Joy; stifle your Grief, as I
 “ conceal my Vengeance. Make
 “ thee his Mistress—Now Heaven
 “ forgive me, if I would not
 “ sooner damn than harbour such
 “ a thought; I for my dear lov’d
 “ Daughter’s honour, would set
 “ at nought my sweet immortal
 “ Soul. No, *Dooneflaith*, no,
 “ *Generous Murchoe*, I have so
 “ contriv’d it, she shall be sent to
 “ him, and as he writes to me here
 “ (shewing them the Letter willingly,) has also commanded
 “ me to send him Fifteen young
 “ Virgins of our Noblest Blood,
 “ to slake the burning lust of his
 “ Chief Officers, I’ll send them
 “ too. But since so well thy Woman’s Dress becomes thee, thou
 “ shalt

" shalt be one, and Fourteen
 " Youths, as Bold and Valiant as
 " thy self shall go, all clad
 " and dress'd like thee, with each
 " a Sword beneath their Gowns.
 " I have sent to those who have
 " taken shelter in the Woods,
 " Mountains, and Boggs, to be
 " in readiness, and have a Thou-
 " sand Men, who at the Signal
 " given, shall fall upon his Guards.
 " Letters already I have dispatch'd
 " to every City in our Country,
 " to bid them Rise on such a
 " Night.

" When you are entred, and
 " they all deep in Wine, frolick
 " and gay, their Bloods all boyl-
 " ing hot, secure each one his Of-
 " ficer by Death, I'll trust my
 " Daughter with the Tyrant's
 " Fate; strike home my Girl,
 " and dip thy Dagger to the Hilt,
 " then let him take his fill of
 " Love, Caress and Court thee
 then.

“ then. But now we must dis-
 “ perse; and you, *Murchoe* till
 “ after to Morrow, which is the
 “ appointed Day, shall lie con-
 “ ceal’d in my House; these Gen-
 “ tlemen who are my trusty
 “ Countrymen, and well approved
 “ Friends, shall forthwith to the
 “ scatter’d *Irish*, and get ’em to
 “ an Head, then lead them like a
 “ Torrent on our Foes.

They all swore Secrecy, and
 departed, only *Dooneflaith* and
Murchoe were not separated till it
 was late, but went together into
 her Chamber, where, to their in-
 expressible satisfaction and mutu-
 al joy, they Supp’d together, and
 passed away the hours till Bed-
 time, then *Murchoe* was Con-
 ducted into an Apartment by him-
 self, where he spent that Night
 on the thoughts of the past Days
 Adventures, and the important
 Affairs.

Affairs they were to perform in a short time after.

The next Morning *Maolseach-elvin* sent a Messenger to *Turgesius*, promising according to his Commands, that he had won on his Daughter to obey him; and that as he hop'd for his Kingly Favour hereafter, he would not fail upon the Morrow Night to send her, accompany'd with Fifteen Virgins more, who were also willing to run the same Fate, and participate of the Joys their Mistress should receive in so splendid an Entertainment.

Turgesius was almost ravish'd with this News, for certainly no Man ever lov'd, or rather lusted to the degree he did; he was resolv'd to have lost the whole Kingdom but he would enjoy her; his eager Joy sat heavy on his Heart, for Love is most impatient on Crown'd Heads. But finding her
come

come thus easily, he spar'd not for any thing that might make her Reception Magnificent. He sent for Fifteen of his Chiefest Commanders, and told them what a Treatment he had for them. In short, the whole Court was almost new model'd, the Rooms adorn'd with Rich Beds, and the most Costly Hangings.

Never was Palace so gallantly set out with Gold, Jewels, and Tapestry as this, not any thing below the Dignity of Silver, and that curiously wrought and Massive, was us'd in any of the Chambers; Cloth of Tissue was the meanest Furniture they had; the Candlesticks were Gold; so that all the Wealth those Sacrilegious *Danish* Heathens had despoil'd the Churches and Monasteries of, with all the Plunder they had taken at Sacking of Towns, and King's Courts, were all now brought

brought to this Palace ; so that it might be said, That one Spot of Ground, held more Wealth than all *Ireland* besides.

Nor were the Wines but of the Richest, and all the variety of Viands which could be procur'd, were sent for to this Place, and every one was employ'd in some Office or other ; and the King, with his Commanders almost Mad for the arrival of the happy Night, their longing impatience thought that almost an Age, which was only but twenty four Hours.

The Hour at length arriv'd, and *Dooneflaith* set out with a Noble Train of suppos'd young Virgins, whereof Fifteen of them were of the most Handsome, and yet most Stout and Resolute Youths of *Ireland*, as well and gloriously Dress'd as Hands, Jewels, and Art could effect it ; each having one or two others to attend him.

him as his Servant, or Waiting-Woman, in the same Female Apparell, and each a short Sword under his Gown.

Turgesius went about a Mile out of his Court to meet them, as soon as he had news of their approach, accompanied with Fifteen of his Choicest Commanders, some whereof he had sent for out of strong Cities wherein they Commanded, who also had with them an equal Train of Attendants.

The first interview of the two Parties, was such a Sight as might have equal'd, if not exceeded, that of *Alexander*, when he met *Thalestris* and her *Amazons* upon the Banks of the *Euphrates*.

It seem'd as tho' *Mars* himself had led the Van of all the other Gods, to meet with *Venus* and the Female Deities.

Turgesius,

Turgesius, and all who follow'd him, quite forgetting their Grandeur, and Martial Habitude, descended from their shining Gilded Chariots, and went to those of the Ladies. Nor had *Maolseachelvin* spar'd Cost to make his Daughters Equipage more Magnificent and Glorious than any that *Ireland* had seen before, especially that of the Charming *Dooneflaith*, which was so Richly Furnish'd, that at a distance in the glittering Sun-beams it was too Glorious to be lookt upon, and struck a sort of Blindness in the Spectator's Eyes who beheld it. She was drawn by six milk white Horses, Caparison'd with Trappings of Gold, and the Chariot wherein she rode was open, having Rich Embroider'd Curtains held up by young *Cupids*, who seem'd well pleas'd, and smiling at the Deity
that

that they attended; nor were the others much less sumptuous.

In short, who e're had been to see the first Greeting, could not but have been astonish'd at so Noble a Sight. *Turgesius*, (as tho' he had long practis'd the Art of Love) so behav'd himself, that even *Dooneflaith* was mov'd with Compassion, at the great Action she was to perform. However, she seem'd as eager to receive his Caresses, as if she had met with the Man whom her Soul ador'd. After some few Compliments had pass'd on either side, (the Women having by this time alighted to meet the Men) they all mounted again, the Monarch taking *Dooneflaith* into his own Chariot, and the other Commanders following his Example, did the like with those who came with her.

And

And now being Pair'd, they set forward for the Court; all the way that they rode, they were diverted by Trumpets and Wind-Musick, which in their turns made a Seraphick Harmony. But that which most of all Charm'd the Ears of the Warriours, were the soft and melting Expressions the counterfeit Ladies did use; which were so ravishing, and tender, that not one of *Turgesius's* Train but could willingly have wish'd to have pass'd by the Ceremony of Supping, and have gone immediately to their Chambers; even *Turgesius* himself thought the time, tho' spent in his Mistresses Company but irksom and long, so eager was he to have the sweet Charmer in his Embraces.

But Supper being ended, the description whereof, would but delay the recital of things more
mate-

material, they prepar'd for their Beds, and *Dooneflaith* was led up by the suppos'd Maidens who came with her to the Chamber that was assign'd for the Monarch; He being impatient for the dear happiness his Soul so much long'd for, thought them too tedious in undressing her, and putting her to Bed; being no longer able to defer the happy moment, disarm'd himself below, as all the rest of the Commanders did, laying their Arms on a Table in the great Hall, went each to his Chamber, expecting the coming of Her he had chose. But *Turgesius* no sooner entred his Room, for he came alone, than he was seiz'd on, and immediately gagg'd, that no out-cry might be made; they had certainly kill'd him, had not *Murchoe* interceded; who told him he now paid him back a Debt that
 he

he ow'd him, ever since he was so generous to save his Life formerly from the outrage of his Soldiers and Guards, who were ready to have cut him in pieces, when he fought with him in *Dooneflaith's* Apartment ; in retaliation of which, he wou'd now save his Life from the threatning Swords of those who justly thirsted for his Blood.

Turgesius was not a little surpriz'd at the unlook'd for Adventure ; but above all, at the gallant Generosity of his Noble Enemy, and incens'd Rival, he would have made him such an Answer as suited the greatness of the Act, had he had the liberty of speaking. But now his Heart was so troubled at the loss of *Dooneflaith*, and all his ravishing hopes were so blasted, that Life to him was but an unnecessary thing ; he began tho' too late, to think
how

how dearly he must pay for his Lust, and how pompous the Solemnity had been made for the bringing on his utter Destruction.

The thoughts of the loss of a Crown, came crowding upon him, and he could not but be sensible what a lasting Infamy this Action must lay on his blind and inconsiderate Credulity. How would he, in his Mind, Curse the time that he first saw that Charming Seducer, and now beheld her with more Detestation and Horror, than heretofore he had done with Love and Pleasure.

But we must leave him to himself, and return to the rest, who (after the seizing *Turgesius*) had no better success than their King, unless ending a miserable Life might be accounted some mitigation of their Misfortunes. The Signal was presently given out of

E the

the Court Windows to the small Army that *Maolseachelvin* had brought to the Gates, and all those Attendants and Servants who came with his Daughter, were in a readiness to give the Onset to those in the Palace.

Turgesius and his Train no sooner rose from the Table, but the inferior Commanders and Officers were set down to it; each with one of those under Women who came with *Dooneflaith*; the Bowls of Wine were going merrily about, and the *Danes* (who are potent in *Bacchus's* Battles) were too busie, and the Musick too loud to let them hear *Maolseachelvin*, when with his Arm'd Men he forc'd his way into the Palace; and they were greatly surpriz'd when they saw a whole Band of stout *Irish-men* well Arm'd enter the Hall. It was now no time to demand
what

what they meant; for e'er they could scarce turn about to see who they were, they met with their Fate,

A greater Confusion was never seen, the Tables were all overthrown, and the Blood of the *Danes*, with that of the Grape, promiscuously mingled, made a purple Deluge on the Floor; nor was there a *Dane* that Night in the Court, who found not his Death, except *Turgesius* the Tyrant, who was reserv'd for a more ignominious and miserable End.

Nor had this Great Undertaking any worse success in the other parts of *Ireland*; for those Towns and Cities whose Governours were slain at the Feast (more bloody than that of the *Centaur*s) hearing of the loss of their Commanders and their King, lost with them their Courage, and

yielded an easie Victory to the brave *Irish*, who in a short time after, releas'd the whole Kingdom from the slavish Tyranny of the *Danes*, to their Lawful Subjection under a Monarch of their own, which was by the consent of the Nobles plac'd on *Maolseachelvin*, for the gallant Exploit he had done, for then their Monarchs were Elective, and with good reason the Choice fell on him.

Now the *Irish* had thrown off the *Danish* Yoak, and were again at Liberty, each enjoying the benefit of Peace, which was introduc'd by a most bloody and furious War. Nor was there a *Dane* left in the whole Country, but such who they us'd as their Slaves, and put to mean Offices; and those who were before so busie in demolishing and burning of Churches and Monasteries, were now employ'd either as Smiths,
Carpen-

Carpenters, or Masons, in their Re-building, and the Church-Lands were all restor'd to their proper uses. The Lay-Abbots whom the *Danes* had plac'd there, were cast out of the Cloisters and slain, and the whole Kingdom began once more to Flourish in Christianity, and was establish'd in the true Worship of God.

It is necessary, e'er we proceed any farther, to give a step back, and see what became of our Lovers, and the depos'd Usurper; who, some time after his Defeat, was led about the Streets, thro' which sooften he had rode in Splendor and Triumph, now Manacled, and loaden with Chains, and became a scoff and derision to those, o'er whom so lately he Triumph'd, and in this Condition (with a shouting throng of the Vulgar) was he conducted to the River *Laugh-Ainne*, into which he was

cast, and finish'd a burthenfom Life, by being their drowned.

Our two Lovers, had now, as they thought, no other Obstacle, but the consent of *Bryan Boriambe* Father to *Murchoe*, who they hop'd would agree to their Marriage. The Valiant *Murchoe* in that Night's great Action, having shifted his Womans Apparel, put on the more becoming one of Arms, and flew like Lightning to assist his Country-men, leaving the care and safeguard of *Doone-flaith* to her Father, and it was some days e'er he return'd, but to his great misery; for now *Maolfeachelvin* having the prospect of a Crown in his sight, and having stomach'd *Bryan's* denial of their Marriage before, was firmly resolv'd that interest should not bring him to consent to it now. Wherefore going to his Daughter, and taking her into his

his Closet, he Commanded her on her Duty, no longer to think of her Lover; but when *Murchoe* return'd, to use him as one who was most indifferent to her.

“ Oh! dearest Sir, says *Doone-*
 “ *flaith*, can what you say be
 “ true? Can he who sav'd my
 “ Honour, and redeem'd his
 “ mourning Country be thus hard-
 “ ly us'd by me! He save thy
 “ Honour, and redeem his Coun-
 “ try (replies her Father in an an-
 “ gry tone) did you your self, did
 “ I, and all the rest of the brave
 “ Princes of this Land, do no-
 “ thing? Hear what I say, and
 “ for your life obey me, for what
 “ I have design'd, no Prayers, or
 “ Charms, tho' drest in the best
 “ Garb of Eloquence, adorn'd with
 “ all the Tears and taking Looks
 “ thy Beauty can put on, tho' on
 “ thy Knees thou follow'st me a-
 “ bout, thou shalt not shake or
 E 4 “ move

“ move my fixt resolve. If when
 “ *Murchoe* shall return, with ea-
 “ ger Joys to run into thine Arms,
 “ with frowns and scorns avoid
 “ his soft Embraces, give him no
 “ Answer, but disdainful Looks,
 “ or here I swear I’ll stab him be-
 “ fore thy Face.

“ Oh! Reverend Sir, says *Doo-*
 “ *neflaith*, recal that cruel Oath;
 “ how can you think this Heart,
 “ that is all Love, all soft and
 “ tender to the noble *Murchoe*,
 “ can teach my Face to put on
 “ such disguise! Cou’d I consent,
 “ to shew my Filial Duty, and
 “ obey, my Eyes would soon be-
 “ tray my Heart; and tho’ my
 “ words were cold and all unkind,
 “ yet they would shoot such fiery
 “ Darts, as would declare they
 “ were but counterfeit; my very
 “ Eyes, spight of my best efforts,
 “ would talk and tell the tenders
 “ of my Soul; each interrupting
 “ sigh

“ sigh I give, will bear no comfort
 “ with my Tongue.

“ By Heaven (says her Father)
 “ do as I command, shew but one
 “ amorous glance, one heave, one
 “ pant, or sigh, and I will blind
 “ those tell-tale Eyes of thine, and
 “ give thee truly cause to sigh, by
 “ giving him his Death. Sure,
 “ Sir (replies the weeping *Doone-*
 “ *flaith*) you cannot mean the
 “ thing you speak! You say it but
 “ to try my Love a second time;
 “ which by the Gods is still the
 “ same it was, when in the Gar-
 “ den you made the former Test.
 “ No, Minion, says *Maolseach-*
 “ *elvin*, I do it not to try thy
 “ Love, which I’m too sensible is
 “ true; I do it to revenge his Fa-
 “ ther’s Scorn, who would not
 “ give consent that he should
 “ Wed thee when I was a private
 “ Man, nor shall he now I’m
 E 5 “ King;

“ King; therefore once more ob-
 “ serve what I command.

“ And must the innocent *Mur-*
 “ *choe*, says she, who always dear-
 “ ly lov’d me, and sought not
 “ Heaven with more earnest Pray-
 “ ers than he sought me, be pu-
 “ nish’d thus for his unkind Fa-
 “ ther’s Fault? Oh! Sir, reverse
 “ your cruel Doom, if not for his
 “ sake, yet for mine, nay for your
 “ own; for if I share an interest
 “ in your Heart, ’twill grieve you
 “ sure to see your only Daughter
 “ die, when with one word you
 “ may preserve her Life. What!
 “ quit my Love, now after this
 “ Misery and Trouble we have
 “ pass’d through for it! now grow
 “ unkind, when he most merits
 “ Love! and after all those Sacred
 “ Oaths and Vows, those thou-
 “ sand Protestations, which even
 “ in your hearing, I have made to
 “ Love

“ Love him ever, now to re-call
 “ that sacred Breath, and hurl
 “ damnation on my perjur’d
 “ Soul.

“ I ask you not, says he, to
 “ break your Vows ; but meet him
 “ as I now command you, that his
 “ proud Father may be humbled,
 “ and fall a low Petitioner for the
 “ Love he once rejected.

“ A thousand Blessings fit upon
 “ your Head, says she, and make
 “ your Crown more glorious than
 “ all your Predecessors were, those
 “ healing words have cur’d my
 “ bleeding heart ; now I will call
 “ you dear and loving Father,
 “ kneel and adore the very ground
 “ you go on ; use what severity
 “ you please against his Father,
 “ but let my *Murchoe* not be put
 “ in pain ; let me not see him ra-
 “ ther, till his suppliant Father
 “ begs your pardon ; for certainly
 “ to see him as you bid me, will

“ prove so fatal, that twill break
 “ his Heart.

“ Trifle no more: (replies *Maol-*
seachelvin) but punctually obey
 “ my will, I see them yonder en-
 “ tring the Court; and once more
 “ swear, if that you fail in any
 “ Point I have enjoyn'd you, you
 “ ne'er shall meet him more, but
 “ in the Grave.

After this he left her, and went
 to his own Chamber; no sooner
 was he parted, but *Dooneflaith*
 looking out at the Window, be-
 held her dear *Murchoe*, with his
 Father just entring the Palace;
 and not being able to think on
 the severe Injunctions her Fa-
 ther had laid on her, without a
 torrent of Tears, and a thousand
 imprecations on her unkind Stars.
 “ O barbarous Father, said she to
 “ her self, more Tyrannous and
 “ Cruel to thy Child, than Sa-
 “ vage Monsters are to those they
 hate;

" hate; not see my Love, but
 " with disdainful looks! not give
 " him one kind glance for all his
 " Love! not one kind word of
 " thanks for all his pains! this
 " Cruelty exceeds all precedent!
 " my unkind Speech or Eyes will
 " do the fatal Work, and leave no
 " business for my Father's Sword!
 " O that some Angel would in-
 " struct my Love, and tell him
 " that my Eyes and Tongue are
 " Lyars, that my poor Heart bears
 " no consent to what they say;
 " tell him I am all over Love,
 " and that my *Murchoe* is more
 " precious to my Soul than all the
 " World besides.

Murchoe, and his Father, with
 several of his Friends were now
 come into the outward Court of
 the Palace, and casting his Eyes
 up to the Window, he beheld his
 adorable Mistress; who no sooner
 saw him, but withdrew from the
 Place,

Place, which *Murchoe* thought was done to haste to him. “ Oh! “ Father (says he, almost Extasied) look how the Treasure of “ my Soul does fly to meet my “ longing Arms; now all the “ Blood I’ve lost in *Ireland’s* “ Wars, will largely be Rewarded.

Bryan took such part in his Sons Transports, that he could hardly forbear shedding Tears of Joy. But *Murchoe* lest he should be out-done in kindness, made what haste he cou’d into the House, and at the end of the Hall beheld his fair *Dooneflaith*, whom he ran unto with all the speed his Love could make. “ Oh! thou “ charming, soft and lovely Maid, “ said the transported *Murchoe*, “ let me upon thy tender Breast “ breath the soft languishments “ of my o’er flowing Joy! But how did he start, and look amaz’d, when

when he not only saw she met him not half way, but shun'd his Arms; and after a small pause, with gazing Eyes he thus went on.

“ What, my *Dooneflaith*, says
 “ he, are my Embraces loathsome
 “ grown! What, dost thou turn
 “ away the warming Sun-shine of
 “ thine Eyes; not one kind look
 “ to crown thy *Murchoe's* Victory,
 “ not one soft word to bid
 “ him wellcome home! *Doone-
 flaith* could no longer turn away
 her Head, yet was afraid of her
 Father, who through a secret
 place look'd into the Hall, and
 beheld her with frowns; and fear-
 ing she should not perform what
 he bid her, her Love and she
 must part for ever; cast so dis-
 dainful and scornful a look upon
Murchoe, that he clapping his
 Hand to his Heart, cry'd out,
 “ O Gods! those cruel piercing
 “ Eyes

“ Eyes have stab’d my Soul, and
 “ given me a death my boldest
 “ Enemies could never do. Then
 after a little stop, he went up to
 her, and would have taken her by
 the Hand, but she refus’d it him ;
 “ telling him the unkindness of her
 “ Father had destroy’d their Loves,
 “ and that now he had fallen
 “ from his Promise, and had com-
 “ manded her no more to look
 “ on him with Amorous Eyes ;
 “ in pursuance to whose will,
 “ she did from thence forward
 “ forbid him to visit her.

Murchoe, during her talk stood
 like one without Motion, nor had
 he the power to utter one word,
 till he saw her departing the Hall ;
 but then running ’twixt her and
 the Door, he fell on his Knees,
 and beg’d her for her former Love
 to hear his latest words ; but she
 overcome with the pitiful sight,
 being no longer able to look on
 one

one in that woful Condition, and one whom contrary to her will, ſhe her ſelf had made ſo, return'd him no Answer; but ſnatching her Hand out of his, which e'er ſhe was aware he had ſeiz'd, without ſo much as looking back, ſhe went out of the Hall, and left the Diſconſolate *Murchoe* on his Knees.

He continu'd in that poſture till ſhe was gone out of ſight; then riſing on his Legs again, he drew forth his Sword, and had ended his Life on its Point, had not his Father, and Friends (who expected no leſs) ſtept in and prevented him. “ Oh! Cru-
 “ el Father, ſay he to *Bryan*, this
 “ laſt unkindneſs, out-does all you
 “ you have done to me before;
 “ why would you have me live,
 “ when Life's ſo great a burden?
 “ Were it not better I at once
 “ gave up my breath, than live in
 “ lingring

“lingring pain, and deal it out
 “by sighs ! O Faithless Woman,
 “says he a little after, thou ab-
 “stract of Inconstancy, where’s
 “now that charming Voice which
 “with kind Protestations swore,
 “*Murchoe* should ever be her
 “Souls delight ; farewell, a long
 “and last farewell, for with your
 “cold disdain you’ve blasted all
 “my Hopes, and now no remedy
 “is left but Death.

With much ado at last, they
 got him home to his Chamber,
 but twas not in their power to
 get him to Eat, or take the least
 refreshment ; and it was a long
 time before his Father could get
 him to promise to use no violence
 on himself ; to which he would
 never have consented, had not
Bryan told him, he would use all
 his Endeavour to alter *Maolseach-
 elvin’s* Resolutions.

No sooner was his Father gone out of the Room, but he commanded all who were with him to do the like; and after two or three hasty turns in the Chamber, he flung himself on his Bed, where he pour'd out such Tears, such Sighs, and Complaints, that he drew moisture from the Eyes of all who look'd in at the Key-hole of the Door to see what he did. But now let us return again to our History.

Soon after all things were settled in Peace, the Victorious *Maliseachelvin*, was as is said before, by the Election of the Princes and Nobility of *Ireland*, deservedly made King of *Meath*, and then Monarch of the whole Country; when there arriv'd three Brothers out of *Norway*, viz. *Amelanus*, *Cytaracus*, and *Ivorus*, with their Families, and great Trains, who (in a most Amicable and Peaceable

able manner) pretending to be Merchants, obtain'd leave for the better carrying on their Traffick and Trade, to build three Cities near the Sea side; which was permitted them, upon Condition, that they paid Tribute for them. Articles of Agreement being consented too, on both sides, they fell to Work, and erected the three Cities, now call'd *Dublin, Waterford, and Limrick*; which they had no sooner finished, and had made almost impregnable by strong Fortifications, but the *Irish* began to see their Error, and now it was that they felt the Power of an Enemy, no less prejudicial in all appearance, than that they had lately subdu'd.

These Sea-port Towns giving entrance to fresh and numerous Fleets of *Norwegians, Danes, and Oostmans*; insomuch that the *Irish* were forc'd once more to have

have recourse to their Arms. And here it was that *Maolseachelvin's* Heart became mollified, and once more gave consent (when the Kingdom should be freed of its Foes) that *Murchoe* should Marry his Daughter.

The two Lovers had now admittance to see each other, and with a bleeding Heart the Charming *Dooneflaith* made known to her dear *Murchoe* the reason why she us'd that severity to him at his return from the former Battle: *Murchoe* lov'd too well to think any of the fault was on her side, and was now the most happy Man in the World. Her Father, the King, made him his General, but the Occasion was urgent, and he was hasted away, having scarce time to take his Leave.

However, he had with a thousand soft and passionate Speeches already parted with *Dooneflaith*,
and

and was now come to *Maolfeach-*
elvin, who receiv'd him with all
the expressions of tenderness that
could be. "Go Valiant Youth,
"says the King to him, go, and
"return Crown'd with Laurels
"of Victory; revenge the hard
"Usage you have suffer'd, on
"those barbarous Infidels; for-
"give my Rashness, and believe
"I now set no difference betwixt
"thee and my own Child. No,
"my dear Son, for so henceforth
"I will call thee, and tho' your
"Father shun all my Advance-
"ments, I thus will embrace his
"Son. Go then, Victorious
"*Murchoe*, Head our Men; my
"cheerful Soldiers long to see
"their Chief, they think the time
"you lose in my embraces, an
"Age, in their impatience.

"Now mighty Monarch, says
"*Murchoe* to him, you show'r
"such Blessings on my Head,
"give

“ give me such Courage, and such
 “ Hopes, that if I Conquer not,
 “ let me hereafter bear the Cow-
 “ ard brand ; the Power you give
 “ me, united with the thoughts
 “ of my *Dooneflaith*, shall make
 “ me Conqueror where e’er I go,
 “ and sweep your numerous Ene-
 “ mies from off the Earth.

After many endearing Discour-
 ses, *Murchoe* took Horse, and went
 to the Army, who wellcom’d him
 with loud shouts of Joy ; and
 where he found such Stout and
 Resolute *Irish-men*, that where-
 ever he came, he carried Victory
 on his Sword’s Point ; while his
 Father *Bryan* no less fearing the
 loss of the Kingdom again, in the
 Southern parts of the Country
 did such things as would almost
 seem incredible, and in a short
 time was Crown’d King of *Mun-*
ster, still Conquering where e’er
 he went, and soon after subdu’d
 one

one half of the Nation. Nor did he put a stop to his irresistible Force, till he was publicly Elected, and made Monarch of all *Ireland*, the Nobility and Princes deposing *Maolseachelvin*, to make way for *Bryan*, giving him leave to live, which is the greatest misery that can befall a Monarch after the loss of a Diadem.

Bryan now being King of all *Ireland*, thought himself sufficiently reveng'd for the flights which *Maolseachelvin* had put on his Son, and commanded *Murchoe* to come home to his Palace, which then he kept at *Tomond*, to the unspeakable trouble and affliction of the two Lovers, who now were taking, as they fear'd, their last leaves of each other.

“ Oh ! my adorable Saint, says
 “ the afflicted *Murchoe* to *Doone-
 “ flaith*, how unfortunate have all
 “ my Undertakings been ! How
 “ Cruel

“ Cruel is my Fate ; that now,
 “ when I thought my Happiness
 “ beyond the reach of any Mis-
 “ fortune, I find it dash’d, by
 “ that which I hop’d would have
 “ been its chief stay. Now my
 “ *Dooneflaith*, my miseries come
 “ rolling upon me, and soon will
 “ overwhelm me ! Oh ! insupport-
 “ able Cruelty, I must leave my
 “ Love ! leave her, (good Heavens
 “ defend,) I fear for ever ; But
 “ witness Gods, and all you
 “ Saints above, though absent
 “ from my sight I’ll ne’er forget
 “ thee ; Hopes, (once to bless me
 “ with thy sight again,) shall
 “ buoy me up through all my Sea
 “ of Sorrows, if my dear Love but
 “ promise to be constant. —

Dooneflaith could not hear him
 make such a scruple, without
 shewing how much it touch’d her
 Heart. “ Oh, cruel *Murchoe* !

F

“ said

“ said she, do you take part a-
 “ gainst me! And if I will be
 “ constant! Barbarous doubt! have
 “ you thus long beheld me stand
 “ the shock of all Misfortunes,
 “ even when Ambition, and a
 “ Monarch’s Crown. would have
 “ shook the most firm and con-
 “ stant of our Sex; and can you
 “ make that scruple now? If I’ll
 “ be constant! Oh Heaven! that
 “ If, will stab me to the Soul!
 “ you’ve found the only means,
 “ next to your hating me, that
 “ could undo my peace, you al-
 “ most tear my Heart up by the
 “ roots; what! doubt an-Heart
 “ like mine, that is made up of
 “ nothing else but Love and Con-
 “ stancy! But I forgive Thee *Mur-*
 “ *choe*, I know ’twas but the
 “ overflowings of thy tender fear,
 “ and the excess of a too power-
 “ ful Passion; and to confirm my
 “ dearest

“ dearest *Murchoe*’s Mind, bear
 “ Witness for me now, Oh all ye
 “ Gods, and show’r upon me all
 “ your dreadful Vengeance, if
 “ what I say be not sincere and
 “ true, when in your absence I
 “ forgot my Faith, either in
 “ thought or deed ; either for
 “ Threats, or all the Proffers in
 “ the World ; if from this Heart
 “ *Murchoe* be ever absent, then
 “ let the Furies tear me Limb by
 “ Limb, and Dogs and Wolves
 “ devour my scatter’d Carcass.

“ No more, says *Murchoe*, I
 “ believe my Saint, and ever shall
 “ retain these precious words in
 “ the chief Records of my memo-
 “ ry. They were forc’d soon af-
 ter this to part ; but with such
 languishing and dying looks, as if
 they ne’er should meet again :
 how many times did *Murchoe* go
 to the Door, and then return
 F 2 again,

again, loath to depart, printing his soft Lips on her fair Hand, and she as often wish'd they might dwell there for ever; they sigh'd, and wept, then wiped their watry Cheeks, making exchange of Hearts at eithers Eyes; at last, as though both their words had been prompted by one Soul, they together cry'd, the Gods preserve, and ever be your Comfort.

Murchoe having taken his leave, went directly, but most heavily, towards his Fathers Palace in *Tomond*, call'd *Cean-Choradh*, where he was welcom'd by *Bryan*, and the whole Court; but what were all the welcomes in the World to him, since his *Dooneflaith's* Voice was wanting in the Consort, the Musick was not sweet or charming, he wholly bent his Thoughts on her, and
Day

Day or Night, she was the subject of his Mind; tho' he was ever accounted Devout, yet now the welfare and happiness of his afflicted Mistress, threw him on his Knees almost each hour.

His Father, and the whole Court could not but greatly wonder at this mighty Change; he grew Pale, neglected Meat, and Sleep, walk'd all the Day in melancholy places, seeking recesses, where the hunted Beasts scarce dar'd to enter, they were so dark and dismal; where, with his folded Arms across his troubled Breast, he'd vent the Grievs which rankled at his Heart.

Into one of these Places was it, that his Father one day follow'd him, and having privately listned to his usual Complaints, when the poor Prince had thrown himself down, extended on a rugged

Rock, his Eyes (like Rivers which
 had broke their Banks) pour'd
 forth a flood of Tears, with
 Groans and Sighs, which almost
 rent the Vault.

“ How Happy, said he to him-
 “ self, had *Murchoe* been, had
 “ Heaven been pleas'd he should
 “ have perish'd in his Countries Ser-
 “ vice, his loss perhaps would
 “ then have touch'd his Fathers
 “ hardned Heart; he would have
 “ then perhaps shed one Tear,
 “ and with a sigh, have pittied
 “ his untimely End: But now he
 “ thinks I breath, he thinks I
 “ live; when as, alas! these signs
 “ I give of Life, are but the To-
 “ kens of uneasie Death; for I am
 “ Dead to all the World, insen-
 “ sible of every thing, but Love;
 “ and tho' I move, and sometimes
 “ walk about, 'tis but my more
 “ substantial Ghost.—

He

He was going on, when *Bryan*
 interrupted him: "What *Mur-*
 "*choe*, said he, is the Cause that
 "thus thou spendest thy Youthful
 "time in Cells? Thus pine, and
 "like a Woman drown thy self
 "in Tears? Thus leave the migh-
 "ty Business of the World, and
 "bend thy Thoughts on a fanta-
 "stick Trifle? Thus shun thy
 "Friends, and seek these solitary
 "Shades? Rouze up, for shame,
 "awake thee from these Idle
 "Dreams; thy Father bids thee,
 "and a King Commands, thy
 "bleeding Country wants thy
 "aid: Ambition should methinks
 "in flame thy Heart, and banish
 "Love from that too noble Seat.
 "Make thy self worthy to be my
 "Successor; what? can the spright-
 "ly *Murchoe* lie dissolving in
 "Tears, when all the Land is al-
 "most drown'd in Blood? Think

“ on a Crown, think of a Mo-
 “ narch’s Power, and see how
 “ poorly Love will shew to these ;
 “ or were those out of reach, and
 “ that thy Hopes stood not so
 “ fair as now they do, think on
 “ thy Honour, and thy future
 “ Fame.

“ O sacred Sir, replies the
 “ Prince, can you behold these
 “ ruines of your Son? Look on,
 “ and see him sink in sorrow, and
 “ not extend a Parent’s Hand to
 “ help him? O Sir, remember
 “ you your self was young, Lov’d
 “ and Ador’d, and knew no hap-
 “ piness but in my Mothers sight :
 “ I do but tread your steps, walk
 “ in that Path which all the World
 “ goes once ; say but *Doonefaith*
 “ shall be mine, and you will raise
 “ me unto Life again ; without
 “ Her, Honour, Titles, Pow-
 “ er, nay even a Crown it self,
 “ have

“ have nothing Charming in
 “ them.

Bryan could no longer hear him sue in vain ; but told him, if he would take Arms, and shew himself once more in the Field, and, according to his wonted Custom, come home laden with Victory, he would so much indulge his Love, that, if after this, he still continued in that Humour, he'd use his utmost Power to make him Happy.

The Prince overjoy'd with this Promise, went home with his Father, and in a few days after, Headed a brave Army against his Country's Enemies ; Victory still follow'd wheresoe'er he fought, and his Courage and Conduct were not a small cause of the Renown and Glory that accru'd to his Father : For 'tis Remarkable, that *Bryan Boraimh* defeated the

Danes and their Confederates in Twenty five bloody pitch'd Battles ; he was accounted one of the most Puissant and Noble Monarchs of the *Milesian* Race ; and tho' he liv'd not to see these Invaders quite expell'd the Kingdom, yet he fought in the last Battle, that gave them their Overthrow ; having in his Life time reduc'd the Kingdom (especially towards the latter end of his Reign) to so tranquil and quiet a State, that *Ireland* was become all peaceable and flourishing. Nor were there to be seen any *Danes*, but such who liv'd quietly under his Government, and were either Merchants, Handycrafts-men, or Artificers, who had their chief Residence in *Dublin*, *Weixford*, *Waterford*, *Cork*, or *Limerick* ; and tho' they were a considerable Number of them, yet not so many,

ny, nor so Potent, but that he thought should they at any time Rebell, he could Master them at his Pleasure.

Murchoe seeing no Comfort accrue to him in all this general Joy, for he alone was excluded the benefit of Tranquility the whole Nation pertook, the Conquests and Honour he won, added more Trouble to his Soul, since he could not yet obtain his Father's Consent, he avoided as much as he could the Pleasures of the Court, and betook himself wholly to the Country, where, in unspeakable Torments, he wasted his time in Complaints. But being one day near the House of *Maolmordh Mac Murchoe* his Uncle, whose Sister by name *Garm-laigh*, *Bryan* his Father had Marry'd, he thought to pass some time in a Visit to him, and was very kindly receiv'd.

But *Bryan* having an occasion for Timber for the finishing some Ships he had begun, especially some Masts, he sent to his Brother-in-law *Maolmordh* to furnish him with them, to which he consented, partly out of fear to deny him, and partly for Kindred sake, he went himself to see them cut down, and assisted with his Men, those who were sent for them, in the getting them over a Mountain; to which they say (some difference happening amongst the People) he put his Hand to himself, and in the action broke off the Gold Clasps that fastned a rich fring'd Mantle of Silk which *Bryan* had sent him. At length, he with his Nephew *Murchoe*, came to *Cean-Choradh*.

But no sooner did he arrive at *Tomad*, and had gone to his Sister *Garmlaigh's* Apartment to give her

her a Visit, and acquainted her how he came to break off his Clasps, which he desir'd her to get mended again for him; but in a rage she threw the whole Mantle into the fire and burnt it, reproaching him with meanness of Spirit, in so unworthily subjecting himself, and his People of *Linster*, whereof he was King, to *Bryan*, altho' he was her own Husband.

“ How basely, said she, be-
 “ comes it the Blood which thou
 “ sharest with me, to fear the dis-
 “ pleasure of any, much less one
 “ who has made himself my equal
 “ by taking me to his Wife?
 “ How much below the Honour
 “ and Dignity of the King of
 “ *Linster* is it, thus like a Bondf-
 “ man or Slave, to lend thy assist-
 “ ance, and like a Coward, grant
 “ whatever he demands from thee.

These

These words, (tho' at present he made her no reply) sunk deep in his Heart, so taking his leave of her, he went into the Presence, where he found a Nobleman and *Murchoe* playing a Game at Chess, (*Maolmordh* being touch'd to the quick with the Reproof that his Sister had given him, and no longer able to stifle the sense he had of his Fault) advis'd him who was playing with *Murchoe* on some Draught, which lost his Nephew the Game.

Murchoe, who had not been us'd to receive such Indignities, (for it was done in so palpable a manner, as he could take it for no less) being highly displeas'd, told his Uncle *Maolmordh* King of *Linster*, in a deriding manner, That if the Advice he had formerly given to the Rebel *Danes* been no worse, they had
 “ not

“ not so easily lost the Battle at
 “ *Gleann Mama*; yet notwith-
 “ standing his mighty Policy, he
 “ could not win them the Field.

Maolmordh, being stung with
 this jeer, in a fury reply'd, “ How-
 “ ever my Advice succeeded at that
 “ time, the next that perhaps I
 “ shall give to the *Danes*, shall
 “ prove better to your Cost. So
 in a discontented Humour was
 departing; when the Prince *Mur-
 choe* told him; “ It should never
 “ break one moment of his Rest
 “ to countermine what ever Pro-
 “ jects he could design; and with-
 “ al told him he defy'd him.

Whereupon the King of *Linster*
 retir'd to his Chamber, and would
 not (although he was sent for by
Bryan) come down to his Sup-
 per; but flinging himself on his
 Bed, pass'd all that Night in the
 extreamest anxiety of Spirit, that
 could

could be imagin'd ; and early the next Morning, before any of the Court were stirring, takes Horse, and posts away for *Linster*, where his Heart was so full (what with the rebukes his Sister had made him, and the defiance his Nephew had given him) that he had no way to ease it, but by giving, if he could, a stint to their Insolence, by making them to know, that they had rouz'd a sleeping Lyon, whose Fury and Rage should not be allay'd by any thing but their utter destruction.

The next day he assembles the Chief of his Nobles, and the Gentry, and represents to them the Indignity that had been put upon them in the Person of their King ; and so aggravates the Matter, that he drew them all to his side, and made them all on fire to revenge it ; by throwing off their
Alle-

Allegiance and Fidelity to *Bryan*, and joyning their Power to that of the *Danes*, and in return to the the Challenge that *Murchoe* had made him, to fend him another.

Having gain'd his Designs at Home, he flies with all speed to *Dublin*, and there engages the chief of the *Danes*, to fend away instantly to their Master, the King of *Denmark*, for a strong and powerful Supply to pull down the Grandeur and haughty Pride of *Bryan*, and to destroy their, and his most mortal Enemies; which on the word of a King, he promis'd to perform, would they be assistant.

While Messengers were sent over into *Denmark*, he returns Home again; where (with all the hast he could use, and most indefatigable pains) he prepares for a
War;

War; nor was it long e'er he goes to *Dublin* again; where, at his arrival, two of the King of *Denmark's* Sons (*Carolus Knutus*, and *Andreas* his Brother) Landed, at the Head of twelve thousand *Danes*, which they had brought along with them, whom (after he had kindly receiv'd, and refresh'd them well) he forthwith, knowing delays in such Cases would be dangerous, and give his Enemies too much time to Unite) by an Herald sends *Bryan* a bold Defiance, daring him to meet him in a spacious Field at *Clantarf*, within two Miles of *Dublin*.

Bryan had no sooner receiv'd this Challenge; but (making what speed he was able) joyn'd together all the Forces of *Munster*, *Connaught*, and *Meath*, for those of *Ulster*, he sent not to them, being

being unwilling to stay till they should come up; and believing he had Power enough out of those other three Provinces to encounter the Enemy.

The Prince *Murchoe* his Son was sent to those in *Meath*, where he once more got a sight of his charming *Dooneflaith*, and whom (after the success of the Battle) he had a Promise from *Bryan* his Father, that he should Marry.

Never did two faithful Lovers meet with such Joy, and *Dooneflaith* even blest the Causers of this War, which had made her so happy with the presence of her dear *Murchoe*. *Maolseachelvin*, tho' depos'd from the Monarchy, had great Interest in the Province of *Meath*, and soon rais'd such Forces, as perchance none else could have done; which *Bryan* understanding, made him General of that

that part of the Army, and sent for his Son back to himself.

But if the Meeting of this Amorous Pair was so full of Joy and Content, yet their Parting was such as is not to be express'd; they took their leaves of each other, with such unwillingness, and regret, that their Separation seem'd to have rent their Hearts asunder.

Murchoe was not altogether so overwhelm'd as he had formerly been, since his Hopes now stood fair, in a few days, to Crown all his Sufferings with the enjoyment of his Charming *Dooneflaith*: But the disconsolate Fair-One, felt such Pangs, at his taking his leave, as gave those who stood by (especially her Father) cause to suspect they were but too fatal Omens. And he being willing they should have all the liberty
the

the little time he had too see her, to say what they pleas'd privately together, he withdrew, and left them to themselves.

Now it was that *Dooneflaith* vented the tenders of her Soul in such a manner, that *Murchoe* himself could hardly stay with her, to hear the Complaints which she made of her hard Destiny. “ Oh *Murchoe*, said she, you are going to leave me for ever; I have something here at my Heart, that prompts my Soul to think *Murchoe* will never return to his *Dooneflaith* again, my presaging Heart fore-bodes, that the Victory which you are going to win, will be cause of Joy to all *Ireland*, but my unfortunate self.

Murchoe us'd all Arguments that could be thought of, to dissipate her Fears; “ And told her, that
“ his

“ his Courage, guarded by the
 “ hopes of her Love, would make
 “ him do things that should fill
 “ the Trumpet of Fame to the
 “ end of the World. I go, my
 “ Charming *Dooneflaith*, says he,
 “ to set this Kingdom in Peace,
 “ that so I with the more free-
 “ dom may quietly enjoy the
 “ Blessing the Gods would bestow
 “ at the end of the Conquest; and
 “ that *Ireland* might be so set-
 “ tled, that he no more might
 “ have cause to quit her soft Arms
 “ to follow the Wars.

“ Go *Murchoe*, (reply'd she,
 “ with such languishing looks,
 “ and so dying a tone as almost
 “ made him alter his firm Resolu-
 “ tion;) Go and fight for thy
 “ Country, Go and Conquer, Go
 “ and—(I would fain say) return
 “ again to my Arms: But—Oh!
 “ something here at my Heart
 “ will

" will not let me believe the Hea-
 " vens will make me so Happy.

" No, my *Murchoe*, these Eyes
 " will never behold thee again ;
 " and the next Embrace thou
 " hast, will be that cold one
 " of Death. Methinks I see my
 " dearest *Murchoe*, all pale and
 " cold, stuck through with a thou-
 " sand Darts and Arrows ; his
 " breathless Corps spurting fresh
 " streams of Blood ; when I, un-
 " happy I, come by, who am his
 " Murderer.

" No more my Charmer, says
 " *Murchoe* to her, drive these idle
 " Thoughts away, they are but
 " Dreams which will disturb thy
 " Rest ; I shall return, I know
 " it by my Heart ; (Oh ! that I
 " did, said he to himself,) Or say
 " I dy'd, I paid but Nature's
 " Debt, what you and I, and all
 " must do at last ; my Fall shall
 " not

“ not be mean, and thousands bra-
 “ ver Men shall bear me Com-
 “ pany. Oh! *Dooneflaith*, what
 “ Comfort will it be, how will
 “ it soften Death, and blunt its
 “ sharpest Dart, to think I die be-
 “ lov’d by thee !

While they were Embracing,
 in order to Part, *Maolseachelvin*
 came in, and told him he must
 make all hast possible with his
 Forces, for all the others which
 they expected were come in but
 his.

The Prince, as eager as he was
 to meet his proud Challenger, and
 not think of leaving his Mistress
 behind ; wherefore, by her Con-
 sent, and joint intreaty, *Maolsea-
 chelvin* promis’d to bring her
 with him ; this at last something
 appeas’d the Sorrow of both ; and
Murchoe, after a thousand soft
 Kisses, and Embraces, and as
 many

many Sighs, and Tears on both sides, took Horse, and posted before to his Father, and the next day after *Maolseachelvin* follow'd with his Army; and at the Rear of that, the beautiful *Doone-flaith*.

In a few days after, the Armies of the three Provinces joyn'd all together, and march'd in good order to the Place appointed, being a spacious Field near *Clantarse*, call'd *Magnealta*, where they beheld *Maolmordh* at the Head of a vast Army; being sixteen Thousand *Danes*, together with all the Forces he could raise in *Leinster*, which was divided into three Battalions; that of the Right Wing Commanded by *Carolus Knutus*, that on the Left by his Brother *Andreas*, (the two Sons of the *Danish* King) and the Main Body *Maolmordh* took care of himself.

G

Bryan

Bryan drew up his Army much after the same Order, committing the Right Wing thereof to *Maol-seachelvin*, the Left he Commanded himself; and (at the intreaty of his Son *Murchoe*, that he might oppose *Maolmordh* himself, who had given him a Challenge) the main Body was under his Conduct.

Early next Morning (it being *Good Friday*) both Armies drew near, and after a short time the fatal Signal was given on both sides, never did two Armies encounter more fiercely; the shouts and cries, with the Thundering noise of the Drums and, sound of Trumpets, were enough to rend the very Roof of Heaven. Nor for half the Day could it be decided upon which side hovering Victory would light; and had *Maolseachelvin* (who Headed the Army of *Meath*) came up, they had
had

had soon turn'd the Scale. But he, remembring the Affront of *Bryan*, who made him be Depos'd, to make way for himself, as soon as the Signal was given, stood off with his Men, and was only a Spectator of the most bloody and terrible Fight that ever was Acted on the Tragick Theatre of *Irish* Ground. Nay, tho' at one time he saw his own Country-men begin to give way, and the *Danes* in a probability of winning the Day, yet did he stand unmov'd.

Bryan who Headed the Left Wing of the Army, being Old (for he was now above fourscore and eight) having to do with *Carolus*, who was both Valiant and Young, was in the Battle struck from his Horse, and had not Prince *Murchoe* come timely to his Rescue, he had been trod

to pieces by the Enemy; which nevertheless so bruised and wounded him, that he was forc'd to be carry'd to his Tent, leaving the Charge of his Army to Prince *Murchoe*.

Now was the time that he had the whole Fate of *Ireland* depending upon his Sword, he did such wondrous Actions as surpass'd all belief, and so bravely behav'd himself, as tho' he had been some God sent down from above. He (spight of all their Forces, thinking of the Liberty of his Country, and Love of his dear *Dooneflaith*) made such breaches in their Main Body, that notwithstanding they had all the Inspiration of Courage, that Martial Conduct, Ambition, Glory, Revenge, and Despair could afford them, yet so great was *Murchoe's* Courage, and Conduct

Conduct so happy, that the *Danish* and *Leinster* Forces could no longer withstand him; having with his own Hand first slain *Maolmordh*, who was the first occasion of this War; and then at two several times the two Sons of the King of *Denmark*; whose Loss so disheartned the Enemy, that they gave way, to an easie, though dear-bought Victory; for *Murchoe* being too far engag'd among the *Danish* Horse, tho' over-power'd with Number, fought 'till he had made a Rampart of dead Bodies about him, which for some time secur'd him from Fate; but an unlucky accidental Arrow laid him dead upon a Pyramid of his fallen Enemies.

Yet for all this, did not the resolute *Irish* loose one foot of Ground, or one bit of their Cou-

rage; but rather, spur'd on by
 Revenge, made the *Danes* pay
 dear for his Loss, and in a short
 time became sole Masters of the
 Field. Thus without the assist-
 ance of *Maolseachelvin*, were the
Danes overcome; one whereof,
 whose Name was *Bruador*, be-
 ing Commander of a *Danish*
 Party, and who with his Men
 flying in the General Rout, was
 forc'd to take that way where
Bryan the Monarch's Pavi-
 lion was pitch'd; into which
 (as he was passing by) he en-
 tred; and seeing the King,
 whom he had formerly known,
Bryan suspecting no such thing,
 having totally gain'd the Battle,
 basely Murder'd him as he lay
 wounded in his Bed: But he soon
 had the Reward due to so Trea-
 cherous an Act; for he, and all
 who follow'd him, were by his
 Guards,

Guards, and the Pursuers, cut all to pieces.

Maolseachlainn after this, put in for his Share, and made himself once more Monarch of *Ireland*. Tho' his Daughter no sooner heard the Death of her Lover, but as though she had lain down to Sleep, flung herself on her Bed, and without so much as one Groan, Sigh, or Murmur, she cry'd, *My Murchoe calls me, and I must go to him*; so dy'd in the presence of her Father, and the rest of the Nobility, who had escap'd in the Battle, for there were but few left alive: and on the Monarch's Side, besides *Bryan* himself, and the Renowned Prince *Murchoe* his Son, were kill'd in this Battle, Seven petty Kings, most of the Princes and Nobility of *Munster* and *Conaught*,
Ireland

and four Thousand of meaner Degree.

But on the other side, viz. that of the Danes and Leinster Party, were slain Maolmordh Mac-Murchoe, the King of Leinster, who was the Original Cause of this Slaughter, with all his Principal Nobles, and three Thousand Common Soldiers; together with Knutus, and Andreas, the two Sons of the King of Denmark, and all their Great Commanders, with six Thousand seven Hundred of the New-come Forces from Denmark, that they had brought over with them, and four Thousand of the old Danes, who were, before their coming, in Ireland. In all the Slaughter on both Sides, that Day, amounted to seven Thousand seven Hundred Men, besides Kings, Princes, Commanders, and other Noble Men. Some

Some time after this Battle, *Maolseachelvin*, (who now the second time sat on the Monarchical Throne of *Ireland*, and was the last Monarch of the *Milesian Race*) took *Dublin*, Sack'd it, Burnt it, and Slew in it all those *Danes* who had made their escape thither from the Battle of *Clantarfe*.

The next Year, in the said *Maolseachelvin's* Reign, *Huaghair Mac-Duniling Mac-Tuatil*, another King of *Leinster*, who succeeded *Maolmordh*, tho' of a more Noble Race, and better Interested for the Good of his Country, gave a mighty overthrow, (which was the last that was given) to *Stetirick* the Son of *Aomlaibh*, and the *Danes* of *Dublin*, who after the Battle of *Clantarfe*, and the Burning of *Dublin* by *Maolseachelvin*, had
once

once more Recruited from the
Isle of Man, and other Islands,
 which were yet in Possession of
 the *Danes*, but were now totally
 destroy'd throughout all *Ireland*.

Thus did that Warlike and An-
 cient Kingdom free it self from
 the Tyranny of its mortal Enemy
 the *Danes*.



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